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*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the
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THE STEAM BOAT
and the Fishing Party.

Page 12



UNCLE PHILLIP'S Conversations

WITH YOUNG PERSONS.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

VOL. II.



The death of General Montgomery, 1775.

Page 267

NEW-YORK,

HARPER & BROTHERS, 52 CLIFF ST.

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HISTORY
OF THE
UNITED STATES:
N^o. II.

OR,
UNCLE PHILIP'S

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.

[by Francis Lister Hawks.]

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II. ONLY

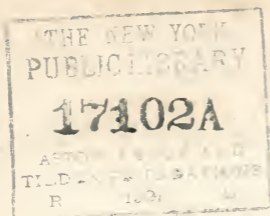
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CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONVERSATION XIII.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Mr. Montgomery—Mr Van Dam—Mr. Crosby and Mr. Clarke—Talks about the Negro-plot in the city of New-York—Tells of the Execution of many negroes, two white men, and two white women Page 5

CONVERSATION XIV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the arrival of Governor Clinton—Talks of a War between the English and French—Capture of Lewisburg by the English under Sir William Pepperell—War continues until the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1748 22

CONVERSATION XV.

Uncle Philip goes out Fishing with the Boys, and talks to them about their Countryman, Robert Fulton 34

CONVERSATION XVI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Robert Fulton and his Inventions 55

CONVERSATION XVII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about the plan of the French for joining their Settlements, and the War which it produced between them and the English—Talks to them about Danvers Osborne, who was Governor after Mr. Clinton, and who killed himself—Tells of the Arrival of General Braddock, and the three English Expeditions against Fort du Quesne, Crown Point, and Fort Frontenac; all of which failed—Talks of a meeting of the English Governors to determine upon another Attack upon Canada 74

CONVERSATION XVIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more of the War between the French and English—Talks of Lord Loudoun and his Failures—Talks to them about Generals Abercrombie and Amherst, and their Expeditions—Gives an Account of the Battle of Quebec, when General Wolfe and General Montcalm both died Page 93

CONVERSATION XIX.

Uncle Philip talks about the Surrender of Canada to the English—Speaks of the Disputes between New-York and New-Hampshire, about Boundary Lines—Passage of the Stamp Act in England—The dissatisfaction it produces in America—How it is received in New-York—First Colonial Congress held in New-York city—Talks of the English Governors, Moore, Colden, Dunmore, and Tryon—Congress of 1774 held in Philadelphia—Speaks of the Battle of Lexington . . 119

CONVERSATION XX.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen—Surrender of Crown Point to Seth Warner—Meeting of the second Continental Congress in May, 1775—Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army—Talks of the Capture of St. Johns and Montreal by Richard Montgomery—Talks of the Siege of Quebec, where Montgomery was killed and Arnold wounded—Talks of General Lee, General Thomas, and General Sullivan—The Americans are forced to leave Canada—Tells the names of the Delegates from New-York who signed the Declaration of Independence which was adopted on the 4th of July, 1776 149

CONVERSATION XXI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children something more about General Richard Montgomery—Tells them a Story, and gives them a List of the Governors of the New-York Colony—Also, a List of the Sovereigns of England, from the time of Hudson's Voyage in 1609, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 182

HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

CONVERSATION XIII.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Mr. Montgomery—Mr. Van Dam—Mr. Crosby and Mr. Clarke—Talks about the Negro-plot in the city of New-York—Tells of the Execution of many negroes, two white men, and two white women.

“HERE we all are once more. This morning I shall talk of two or three governors who, I am afraid, my children, will not prove very interesting men to you. One of them did very little ; and the other was very busy always, but his business was such as you cannot now understand.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, do you go on, and we will be interested, I think. Indeed, sir, I should suppose, that any person who wishes to learn history, would sometimes be forced to read tiresome books, or hear tedious stories.”

“That is a very good idea, Thomas. Now tell me why you think so.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, you told us that history was but the story of different countries and men; and I am sure that some countries are more interesting than others, and some men are greater than others.”

“Very good, my lad, that is all true; and now I will begin.”

“Now then, Uncle Philip, for Mr. Montgomery.”

“John Montgomery came to this country in the year 1728, and was governor here for three years.—In that time nothing worthy of our notice occurred. I must tell you, however, that the French in his time thought of attacking Oswego: and who, do you think, was the first man to expose their designs?”

“Mr. Schuyler, sir?”

“No, my lad; you are wrong this time.—It was the late governor, William Burnet.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, he was a noble man.”

“He received the information in Massachusetts, and wrote a letter to Mr. Montgomery, telling him all about it.—This caused the French to drop the plan altogether. So you learn that he thought of the people in New-York still, although at that time they did not think much of him.”

“And that shows a fine spirit, Uncle Philip. In spite of their neglect, he was still their friend.”

“In 1729, the King of England repealed the law which Burnet had made about the French trade. So you see this law was not approved at home.”

“Well, sir, I cannot help thinking it was a good law, notwithstanding it was repealed. What King of England was it?”

“George the Second. Mr. Montgomery died in the country in 1730, and Rip Van Dam ruled the colony as president for a short time. Now look at the map, my lads—do you see Crown Point?”

“Oh yes, sir. It is at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain.”

“Very good. It was while Van Dam was president that the French built a fort at that place.—If you will notice its situation closely, you will see what a dangerous fort that must have been to the English.”

“How, Uncle Philip?”

“Do you not see that it has a communication by water with Montreal? You know, then, how easy it was to keep it supplied with men and ammunition.”

‘ Yes, yes, Uncle Philip.”

“The French had another advantage. After making any ravages upon the English, their men might retreat to this fort, and there defend themselves.”

“Yes; and besides all this, Uncle Philip, they might keep the English from moving on that way toward Canada.”

“Surely. New-York, Massachusetts, and New-Hampshire, were all in danger from this fort; and the governor of Massachusetts made great efforts to stop the building of it, but did not succeed. You will remember this, also, as the beginning of a plan which the French had for driving the English out of the country. In a little time we shall find them trying to build a regular chain of forts, from the St. Lawrence river to the state of Louisiana.

“President Van Dam, in the year 1732, gave his place to William Crosby, who was sent out by King George the Second as governor of New-York and New-Jersey. Mr. Crosby had before this been governor of Minorca, and had treated the people there in a very cruel manner.”

“Where is Minorca, sir?”

“Do none of you know where Minorca is? It is an island in the Mediterranean sea.”

“And does that island belong to England, Uncle Philip?”

“It did then, but it now belongs to Spain. I think I can safely say that no appointment in England could have given more satisfaction in New-York than Mr. Crosby’s. He had (as the people supposed) interested himself for their benefit in England. He seemed anxious to please them, and they received him well; but he had one very great defect in his character—he was miserly.

“He disliked Mr. Van Dam very much, and quarrelled with many other men, particularly one named Zenger. And when you read a larger history, you will see the causes of some of his disputes. I hardly think you would like to hear any thing about them now. Some of the people became dissatisfied, and determined to send complaints against him to the king. So Mr. Morris was privately sent over with the accusation. But this failed altogether; for in England it was decided that the complaints were not sufficient to remove him from office. But he was removed very soon, notwithstanding this decision.”

“How, Uncle Philip?”

“By death, my children. He removes us at times when we least expect him. Mr. Crosby died in 1736, and had few friends in this country when he was taken out of the world.

“I should have told you before, that it was in Crosby’s time (I think in the year 1732) that the first provision was made in New-York to support a freeschool.”

“Not until 1732, Uncle Philip? There are many of these schools in New-York now, sir.”

“Not until 1732. There were colleges in some of the other states before this; but this was the first freeschool here in our state. There were Harvard College, in Massachusetts, and Yale College, in Connecticut.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and William and Mary, that you told us of, in Virginia.”

“Yes; all these were in existence long before 1732; and I suppose the people in New-York began to think, during this year, that it was high time they had provided for education as well as some of the other states.

“When Mr. Crosby died, many of the people were delighted with the idea of having Van Dam again to rule them. But here was a difficulty. Mr. Van Dam was the oldest member of

the council, and had a right to rule until the new governor should come ; but it was discovered that Mr. Crosby had privately suspended him before his death."

"You mean, turned Van Dam out of office, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. So a part of the people were in favour of a Mr. Clarke, who was the member of the council next to Van Dam in age. So you see the difficulty. Here was a dispute between Van Dam and Clarke, as to which should gain the people. Mr. Van Dam said that Crosby had not suspended him properly, and Mr. Clarke said that he had."

"Mr. Clarke's party was so determined, that they obtained a quantity of gunpowder to defend themselves ; but this did not frighten Van Dam. He called together the council, and took the title of commander-in-chief, and was getting ready to oppose Clarke warmly. Just at this time a commission arrived from England for Mr. Clarke as lieutenant-governor, and so this matter was ended."

"'Twas just in time, Uncle Philip, to save the shedding of blood, perhaps."

"I have no doubt that this commission prevented the fighting which would have taken

place, for both parties were angry. After this, Van Dam and his party yielded to the commands from England.

“Mr. Clarke had, just before this, called an assembly; and he now sent them an address, rejoicing that the disturbances were over in the colony, and entreating them to provide for new forts, and particularly to give him money sufficient to repair the old one at Oswego. The legislature was willing to do this; but Mr. Clarke wished to have the money in his own hands, and this displeased them.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; for they had been before so often cheated by the governors.”

“He had heard that the French were trying to buy a piece of land called by the Indians *Iron-dequot*. This was near Oswego. Indeed, he heard that the Senecas were actually treating with Beauharnois, the French governor.”

“You have spoken of that man before; have you not, sir?”

“Yes. It is said by some that he was a son to Louis the Fourteenth, the king of France. But whether he was or was not, one thing is very certain—he was an able man. So Clarke went up to Albany to try and purchase this same piece of land, but he was disappointed.

"It was rumoured at this time that the French were about building another fort above Albany at a place called Wood Creek; and you will remember the one at Crown Point?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I will now tell you what Mr. Clarke did. He invited over to this country a large number of Scotchmen, and promised to Mr. Laughlin Campbell (who was their chief man) thirty thousand acres of land for them to settle upon."

"What did he wish to do with these men, Uncle Philip?"

"His plan was to settle them upon Lake George. He thought that they would be good citizens, and assist him in defeating the French plans. Campbell, induced by this promise, sold his house and land at home, and shortly after brought over, at his own expense, eighty-three Scotch families, making in all more than four hundred people."

"Well, sir, I think that this was a very good plan."

"But it did not succeed. Campbell and his men were treated badly; the promise was broken; and he was left to get on as he could. He applied for relief from the legislature here,

and he also petitioned in England; but, as I said, without success in both places."

"Why, Uncle Philip, this was base. I do not understand it.—Why was he treated in this manner?"

"Some say that he failed, because he would not submit to the base views of Lieutenant-governor Clarke and some others. They wished to obtain a portion of the land. Campbell was a man of spirit, and refused to accept it upon their terms.

"Others say that Campbell was totally unfit for such an enterprise; and he failed because his men were dissatisfied with him, and refused to settle under him. This, I do not believe; for Campbell was a man of understanding, and a good soldier. However, he could only purchase a small plantation for himself, and his countrymen were without homes in a strange country. Shortly after this, the Spanish war, as it is called, broke out; and many of these poor Scotchmen, anxious to get employment, went out in an expedition against the Island of Cuba. Afterward, most of these poor fellows perished in an expedition against Carthagera.

"Mr. Clarke and the assemblies of the people frequently disagreed, particularly about the

placing money at his disposal. Indeed, about this time, the assemblies were more independent than was usual, and I wish to call your attention to one thing especially.

“In the book which I hold in my hand, I have one of his messages to one of his legislatures. Listen now to what he writes. After finding much fault with them, he bids them ‘*to remember, as to this province, a jealousy which for some years has obtained in England, that the plantations are not without thoughts of throwing off their dependance on the crown of England. I hope and believe no man in this province has any such intention.*’”

“What year was this, Uncle Philip?”

“It was in 1741.”

“And even then, Uncle Philip, it seems the English government was suspecting the plantations of declaring independence.”

“It seems so; and now I will find the answer which the legislature sent to this. Here it is. Talking about this suspicion in England, ‘*they vouch that not a single person in the colony has any such thought or desire, for, under what government can we be better protected, or our liberties and properties so well secured?*’”

“And do you know why I have read these passages?”

“I think I do, Uncle Philip.”

“Why, my lad?”

“These messages were written in 1741, you said; and they prove that at that time the colonies had no idea of declaring independence.”

“Yes; and this shows that they were satisfied with the English government; and, therefore, did not think of fighting until they were driven to it. Our ancestors, boys, were brave and determined men; but they were not rash or foolish. And I think, moreover, that the suspicion in England shows that the English thought it was very natural for the colonists to resist. Don't you think so?”

“Why, yes, Uncle Philip, it appears so.”

“Surely it does; and I wish you to think of this, and you will then always bear in mind, that when our ancestors did go to war with the English, they had good cause for it, (as you will hereafter see); and then, I think, you will learn to prize liberty highly.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, considering all things, I am not much disposed to like Mr. Clarke.”

“We will look into his character farther, my children, and then you will be better able to

judge ; and we come now to troublesome times in his government. I am about to talk of the '*Negro-plot*,' as it is commonly called."

"What do you mean by that, Uncle Philip?"

"I mean a conspiracy, formed by the negroes in New-York, to set fire to the city, murder their masters, and make themselves free."

"I thought there were no slaves in New York, sir?"

"There are none now; but formerly there were slaves in this state. I told you this, I think, before. It was on the 18th day of March, that a fire broke out inside of what was called the fort in New-York, and burned many of the buildings and the chapel. It was at first supposed that this fire was owing to the carelessness of a workman, who was soldering one of the gutters of the governor's house. The roof was made of shingles, and the fire was very rapidly spread by a high wind, so that much property was destroyed. To make matters worse, the inhabitants were afraid to go to this fire to try to extinguish it, because the fire was near the magazine."

"Why were they afraid of the magazine, Uncle Philip? I do not know what that means."

"If you had known, my lad, you would never have asked the question. A magazine is a place where ammunition, such as powder and matches, is kept. If the fire had reached this, you know, it would have blown it up."

"Yes, yes, Uncle Philip."

"There was but one man in the colony who thought that this fire was not the work of accident. His name was Van Horne. He felt so certain that it was the work of some wicked individual, that he called some of the people to arms, and set a watch at night. But most of the people laughed at him, said that his fears were ridiculous, and nicknamed him *Major Drum*."

"Well, Uncle Philip, *Major Drum*, as they called him, was right, after all their fun?"

"You will see presently. A second fire broke out on the 25th; a third on the 1st of April; and two on the 4th. The people were all astonished, and were wondering what the cause of so many fires could be."

"They were convinced now, I suppose, Uncle Philip, that this was no accident?"

"Yes, my children. Coals of fire were discovered on the 5th day of the month, near a haystack, and the day after, two other houses

took fire. The magistrates all assembled to deliberate about this business ; and while they were sitting, another house was set fire to ; and before that was extinguished, another blaze appeared, and a negro was seen to leap over a fence in the neighbourhood, and run as though he was trying to make his escape.”

“ Ah, Uncle Philip, now we are coming to the discovery. This was the work of the negroes. But they could not see who this negro was.”

“ Mr. Clarke had spoken to the assembly after the first fire on the 15th, and he described to them the accident about the gutter, as being the only cause of the fire.”

“ Then he was deceived also, sir ?”

“ Deceived, until the whole design was laid open, and it was discovered by chance. I will not tell you the evidence by which the discovery was made, but—”

“ Oh, if you please, Uncle Philip, tell us the way in which this was found out.”

“ A girl, by the name of Mary Burton, was a servant living in the house of Mr. Hughson, a shoemaker in the city. She was the witness. She said that many negroes used to come to Hughson’s house to buy liquor, and that she

had heard them talk about a conspiracy ; but that no white person heard them talking except herself, Hughson and his wife, and another servant girl. Upon the testimony of this girl the jails were crowded. It is said that twenty-one white people, and more than one hundred and fifty slaves were thrown into prison."

"Uncle Philip, was that girl very young?"

"Yes, she was young. Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking, that, perhaps, she was frightened, and that her evidence was not good. You know you told us that a *good* witness must be able to understand what he sees and hears, and then be honest enough to tell the truth about it."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I was thinking, that she was perhaps so much frightened that she could not understand."

"Well, my children, I have heard some people say that her story was not always the same, and possibly it was not true. At any rate, the people acted as though it was true ; for thirteen blacks were burned alive at the stake eighteen were hanged, and seventy transported."

"And what became of Hughson, sir?"

"Hughson and one of the negroes were gib

deted. His wife, and the other servant girl of whom I spoke, and a man named Ury, died upon the gallows."

"Uncle Philip, what do you mean by 'gibbeted?'"

"Gibbeting people means hanging them in chains. Besides this punishment, my children, many laws were made against the negroes, some of which I think were severe."

"This business was scarcely settled when Mr. Clarke began again to demand money from the assembly. In return to this they sent him a very insolent message, telling him that they were rejoiced to hear that they were soon to have a new governor. He continued to have difficulties with them until the year 1743, when he closed his administration. And I have but one thing more to say about Mr. George Clarke—that is, that he made money out of the colony; for he returned to England in 1745, and purchased a very handsome estate with the money which he obtained in New-York."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I have now heard all about him; and I will repeat what I said before, that I do not like this man."

CONVERSATION XIV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the arrival of Governor Clinton—Talks of a War between the English and French—Capture of Lewisburg by the English under Sir William Pepperell—War continues until the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1748.

“WE have now, my children, got as far in our history as the year 1743, when George Clinton came over to take the place of Mr. Clarke ; and you will remember that the people were pleased with this appointment.”

“Yes, sir ; for they told Mr. Clarke so.”

“When Clinton arrived, a new assembly was elected, and the governor sent them a mild and kind message ; and they sent him a very respectful answer in return. You see, therefore, that they commenced with a fair beginning.”

“Did the legislature have any thing to say about putting the money into the governor’s hands ? You know, sir, they quarrelled with Mr. Clarke about that.”

“On this subject they prudently said not one word; but they were soon engaged in other difficulties, without making trouble among themselves. In 1744, war was declared between France and England.”

“At war again, Uncle Philip? Do tell us what was the cause of this war, sir?”

“I hardly think you will understand me if I should tell you. You know that George II. was at this time king of England; and you will recollect that Louis XV. was the king of France. It was while these two men were kings, that Charles VI., emperor of Germany, died; and he was succeeded in his dominions by his daughter, the celebrated *Maria Theresa*. But another Charles, commonly called Charles Duke of Bavaria, claimed the throne; and, by the help of Louis XV., was made emperor.

“King George II. took the side of *Maria Theresa*, and said that she ought to succeed her father; and this dispute was the cause of the war. It is commonly called the war of the *Austrian Succession*. Is it all plain?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, my lads, I only wish you to remember, now, that there was a war between England and France. And as this war caused English-

men and Frenchmen to be very busy in Europe, so in America the colonies began their preparations ; and I am happy to say, that, in our own state, New-York, the assembly voted a large supply of money for defending the country.

“ The English ministry instructed the governor of New-York to carry the war into Canada ; but he did not do this.”

“ Why, Uncle Philip, did he disobey ? I should suppose that the instructions were just such as would have pleased him.”

“ The assembly did not see fit to obey ; for they thought that the enterprise would be very expensive, and altogether without success : but, to avoid displeasing the ministry, it is said, they voted a large sum of money toward attacking Lewisburg. I myself think, however, that they gave that money, not because they were afraid of the English ministry, but because they supposed Lewisburg the most proper post for an attack.”

“ That was the reason, I suppose, sir ?”

“ I am almost sure of it ; for, before this, Mr. Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts, had proposed to Governor Clinton to join him in making that attack. At any rate, this new plan was approved in England ; and Commo-

dore Warren sailed for the northern part of America, and was commanded to aid the colonies in this enterprise. So the English colonies were joined together to make an attack upon Lewisburg.

“Look on the map, and you will see this place. It is the capital of Cape Breton Island, opposite the Gulf of St. Lawrence.”

“We see it, sir, just north of Nova Scotia.”

“The forces that were to go in this expedition were given to the command of General William Pepperell. Commodore Warren’s fleet of ten ships arrived safely at Canso, and the troops then embarked for Cape Breton.”

“Canso, did you say, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes; it is in the eastern part of Nova Scotia.”

“Yes, yes; I see it, sir. But who was William Pepperell, sir? We have not heard of him before.”

“He was a native of the state of Maine, and a very pious man, and a good soldier, as you may know from the fact that he was chosen to head this expedition; and I can give you another proof of his ability. The king of England, as a reward for his services, conferred upon him the dignity of a ‘baronet of Great Britain.’

This was a very great honour, and Sir William Pepperell is the only native of New-England who has ever received it.

“The sight of the English vessels gave the alarm to the French; for, until that moment, they were not even suspecting such an attack. They immediately sent down some of their men to oppose the landing of the English; but while General Pepperell was pretending to make an effort to land his men at one spot, he was in reality landing them at another.”

“And they did land, sir?”

“Yes; and on the next morning four hundred of the English marched round to what was called the Northeast harbour, and set fire to all the houses and stores, till they came within less than a mile of the principal battery. The burning of the stores, in which there was a large quantity of tar, caused a very dark and heavy smoke, which hid the English forces. But the fire frightened the French, and they deserted the battery; so the English took possession of that.”

“Well, sir, that was a town easily taken.”

“But it was not taken yet, boys. Taking the battery was not taking the town. But when they got possession of the battery, they

were able to fire from it upon the town. Still they wanted cannons; and for fourteen nights the men were employed in dragging these cannons over a swamp to the battery. They were forced, too, to drag them themselves; for they could not use horses or oxen in such a swamp. While they were doing this, Commodore Warren, who was with them, you know, captured the French ship *Vigilant*, with five hundred and sixty men. This capture aided the English very much, because it gave them a large supply of stores. Shortly after this, several English men-of-war joined the English fleet."

"They were fortunate, Uncle Philip."

"Yes; but before this arrival, the town had been much injured. One of their gates was beat down; their batteries were silenced; a breach was made in the walls; and there is no doubt but that the town would have been taken in a short time. When the French, however, found that they were about to have a joint attack, both by water and land, 'they surrendered the city of Lewisburg and the island of Cape Breton to his Britannic majesty.' This siege lasted forty-nine days."

"Was not that a long time, Uncle Philip?"

“ Oh, no ; some sieges last for years instead of days. But you must not forget that the reduction of this place was principally owing to the New-Englanders ; and I have related it to you here because the people in New-York bore a part in it, though not the most essential part.

“ But while the people were doing so well abroad, at home they were doing badly. While the attack was made upon Lewisburg, news had been received in New-York that fifteen hundred French and one hundred Indians were about to surprise the English settlements near the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and then to attack Oswego. This caused great alarm. Colonel Schuyler and Major Collins, who commanded a body of men at Saratoga, were forced to stop the building of some block-houses, which they had begun to make.”

“ On account of this news, sir ?”

“ On account of something worse than rumours. Their men were attacked by the Indians employed by the French ; and the supplies on the way to Saratoga were constantly cut off. Besides this, murders were committed within a very few miles of Albany. To stop this, two hundred men were

drafted to strengthen the garrisons at Albany and Schenectady."

"What do you mean by drafted, Uncle Philip?"

"I mean drawn by lot, or selected from particular places. The settlements at Saratoga and Hoosack, my children, were broken up; and most of the inhabitants fled to Albany."

"Do you mean that all the people deserted those places, sir?"

"I mean that most of the houses were burnt, and most horrible massacres committed by the Indians upon all who fell into their hands. They scalped men, women, and children. The New-England colonies suffered also. This, you will recollect, was during the year 1745.

"In 1746 the Indians still continued their plunder and their massacres; but notwithstanding this, it was during this year that the colonies determined to make an attack upon Canada."

"I thought they were opposed to this, sir?"

"They had been, but their success at Lewisburg had made them bold. Listen to their plan for this attack, and tell me what you think of it. The plan was, that a body of land forces under General St. Clair, and a squadron commanded by Commodore Warren, should be sent

from England. The soldiers raised in the New-England colonies were to join the British forces at Lewisburg, and then go up the St. Lawrence river. The soldiers from New-York were to meet at Albany, and march from that place against Crown Point and Montreal."

"Indeed, sir, I like that plan. Were the colonies all pleased with it?"

"Very much pleased. They all were ready, but they were disappointed; for no forces came from England. But they were resolved that all this preparation should not be useless, and therefore they determined to attack Crown Point. Governor Clinton succeeded in gaining the help of the Five (or rather Six Nations) in this undertaking, but here again they were disappointed."

"Why, what was the matter now, sir?"

"News arrived that the Duke d'Anville had reached Nova Scotia, with a large fleet, from France. He brought with him four thousand soldiers. Of course, this induced the English to abandon their expedition against Canada. But they had hardly heard this when fresh intelligence arrived, telling them of the misfortunes of the French. The fleet had been much injured by storms; many of the men were

sick ; and the Duke d'Anville died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Some of the few ships that had escaped the first storm were wrecked in a tempest off Cape Sable ; and so, out of forty ships of war and many smaller vessels, only three or four escaped to return to France."

"Uncle Philip, it seems that almost every thing went badly with them."

"Yes, indeed. But this did not frighten them. The French, in 1747, sent out another expedition. Their fleet this time was overtaken by a British squadron under Admiral Warren and Admiral Anson ; and after fighting very bravely, was compelled to surrender to the English. And so ended another attempt."

"Uncle Philip, the French seem to have been very resolute in making efforts to subdue the English colonies."

"Very resolute, indeed. In fact, they were quite as resolute in this as in any French undertaking of which I have ever heard or read. But the worst thing that I know about them in this business was, their habit of sending men among the Indians under pretence of teaching them the Christian religion, but in reality to destroy the friendship between the English and these savages."

"That was wicked, truly, sir. But after the defeat of their fleet, what was done then, sir?"

"They at that time sent out no other fleet; for I suppose their disappointments made them, for the present, weary of the war. But the French Indians, during that same year, attacked the village of Saratoga a second time, destroyed the remainder of the town, and murdered thirty families. And these were all the inhabitants of that village; and if they had found more they would have massacred them also, I suppose."

"Uncle Philip, I do not like these Indian wars.—They are too bloody."

"I am also sometimes tired of talking of them; and, fortunately for us both, Thomas, a short stop was soon put to them."

"Another treaty, sir?"

"Yes. In April, 1748, I think, a treaty was signed at a place called Aix la Chapelle. It is a very old town in the western part of Germany. This peace was concluded between the English and the French, both in Europe and America. But you will find hereafter that this was only a short pause. We shall very soon discover the English, the French, and the Indians, all under arms again."

“ Well, Uncle Philip, if you please, we will be glad to hear more about this at another time. William Cobb wishes to go home early to-day, to do something for his mother.”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip; she desired me to be at home before twelve o’clock.”

“ Very good, my lad; I am glad that you remember her wishes. Good morning. But stop, here is a short note for each one of you to take home to his parents. Be sure to deliver them.”

“ Yes, sir; we will be sure to do so.”

CONVERSATION XV.

Uncle Philip goes out Fishing with the Boys, and talks to them about their Countryman, Robert Fulton.

“ Ah, good morning—good morning, Uncle Philip; I am very much obliged to you, indeed, sir.”

“ And so am I, sir.”

“ And I, also, Uncle Philip.”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and so are we all very thankful to you, indeed.”

“ Good morning, my children; but pray tell me why are all these thanks given to me?”

“ Why, for the kind notes which you sent home to our parents, sir; for all of us have got permission to go with you, and our sisters will remain at home to-day.”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip, and I have got my fishing tackle all ready.”

“ And so is mine, Thomas; and the bait is all prepared; and the morning is favourable,

and the wind is low, and this is a fine day for fishing, and so we will be off.

“Take this basket with the bait in your hand, Thomas; and bring one of those nets along, also. We may, possibly, find some crabs under the bridge.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and I will also take your fishing-rod, if you will let me.”

“No, no; you will have enough to carry without that. I prefer taking the rod myself. And this reminds me of a story which I will tell you as we walk along. It is about my worthy old friend, Simon Fairly. He is by many people supposed to be a strange and eccentric old man; and he does sometimes act in a very singular way, and has some thoughts peculiar to himself. But, notwithstanding all his peculiarities, he is a shrewd and honest old gentleman; and I feel very much disposed to overlook my friend's faults for the sake of his good qualities. Do you know him, boys?”

“No, sir.”

“Don't you remember the old man, who is so often seen sitting in the piazza of the large yellow house in the village? You must see him, surely, almost every day, on your way through the main street to my house.”

“Do you mean the old man with a very white head, and who wears knee-breeches, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes, yes. His head is partially bald, and the little hair that is left upon it is as white as snow, and he always dresses in the way which you describe; and he wears his hair in a queue”

“Oh, then, we know him, Uncle Philip. What about him, sir?”

“He is now a very rich old man, and has retired from business. He was formerly a merchant in New-York. He was born, boys, in the very village in which he now lives; went to New-York a poor, ragged little boy, and had to beg his food the first day that he was there. But, although he was poor, he was too proud to be supported by others; and on the second day he commenced working. At first, he began to sweep the streets. In a little time he was able to go to the book-auctions in the city, and buy two or three old books; and then he would sell these books again, the next day, in the street. So, by saving his money, and buying in this way, and selling again, he was enabled to live comfortably, and occasionally send money to his mother and sisters at home.”

“After a while, he thought that he could do better for himself, and went into a dry goods shop as a clerk, and remained there for many years, until at length he became a merchant himself. He was what is called an East India merchant.”

“You mean one who trades with the East Indies, Uncle Philip; do you not?”

“Yes; and it was in this business that he made his fortune. It was while he was engaged in this trade, that his son Joe, a wild young man, came home from college; and the old man thought that he would make Joe sober and serious by making him a clerk in his business. This son wanted industry very much. He had a habit of postponing his duties, and not unfrequently getting other people to perform them for him. The old gentleman was aware that Joe was wild, but did not think that he was careless or lazy; and so he frequently placed business in his hands for execution. You know, boys, that merchants are sometimes forced to borrow money. Old Simon Fairly had promised to pay a certain sum on a certain day; and as the day approached, he found that he had not the money by him. He then wrote a letter to a friend in the country (who had

promised to lend him when he was in trouble), requesting that he would send him the amount wanted. This letter he placed in the hands of his son Joe, and desired him to put it in the postoffice that morning. But Joe was called off for some other purpose shortly after, and the letter was neglected."

"And so it did not go, Uncle Philip?"

"No; it did not reach the country friend. No answer came on the next day; and on the day after that, Simon Fairly had promised to pay the money. And, boys, mere accident preserved his promise."

"How?—how, Uncle Philip?"

"His friend, on the next morning, called to see him, for he had come to the city on particular business of his own; and when Mr. Fairly asked him if he had received his letter, he knew nothing about it. He soon, however, explained the nature of the letter, and obtained the loan from him."

"Well, Uncle Philip, mere chance did enable him to keep his promise."

"Yes, boys. And when Joe was asked about the letter, he said that he had forgotten to mail it; and upon examination it was found in his coat pocket. Old Mr. Fairly has often

told me this story, and always winds up by saying to me, '*when you want your work well done, do it for yourself.*' And I assure you, boys, this is a good piece of advice."

"But, Uncle Philip, you should have had your fishing-rod when you asked for it, and I should not have said I had forgotten it."

"Oh no, Thomas; I do not believe that you would. I did not mean to apply this story to you. My only meaning was this: when we are able, it is right that we should wait upon ourselves; and so I carry the rod for myself. Am I not right?"

"Surely, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, my lads; for that is true independence. Doing for ourselves when we can, and not allowing others to do for us, is real independence. And I am sure none of you wish to be dependant."

"Yes, yes, sir; I understand you. But, Uncle Philip, you are going to try to catch fish. These fish suffer very much on the hook when they are taken. Do you not think it cruel to catch them?"

"Surely not, my lad, or I would not do it. I think that Providence placed them in the water as food for man; and I can see no harm

in using the food which God has given to us. You may with the same propriety call a butcher cruel who kills a cow, a calf, or a hog, to provide food for man. These animals suffer when killed, but still we cannot eat them alive. Indeed, that would be still more cruel. But I think, my children, that (if possible) Providence has been more kind to the fish than many other animals. He has made them cold-blooded, and they therefore do not feel pain half so much as many others. You may prove this before we get home."

"How, Uncle Philip?"

"When you take a fish upon your hook, take him off and throw him back into the water, and see how soon he will swim away. In fact, if the water is clear, you will see him not unfrequently swim directly back to your hook again. I have observed this often. I hardly think that a fish, when he is killed, suffers as much as a calf does when he is butchered. But you will understand me here.—I do not mean that we have a right to catch a fish, because the fish does not suffer much, but because Providence has given it to man for his food."

"Uncle Philip, it is all clear now; and I did not intend to charge you with cruelty; but I

have sometimes heard people call it cruel sport, and I wished to hear your opinion about it."

"Don't you remember the command about the fish in the book of Leviticus, in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I remember it. It is in the eleventh chapter and ninth verse, if my memory serves me. The verse is this:—

"These shall ye eat, of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales, in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat."

"Oh, that is all very plain; and now, as we are at the water, we will bait our hooks and throw out, sir."

"Very good; I will fish in deeper water."

"I am afraid it will rain, sir, before we get home. The clouds look very dark."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; over in the distance yonder it looks very heavy indeed. But that surely cannot be a cloud.—Look, Uncle Philip; it rises higher and higher, in a black mass. And see, just round the pond there, sir, it curls in the air like smoke. Do you see it, sir?"

"Oh yes, I see what you mean; and that is smoke, my lad, if I mistake not. That smoke, I think, rises from the steam-boat; and in ten or

fifteen minutes we shall see her turn that point, for she nears rapidly."

"What steam-boat, Uncle Philip, can it be?"

"Why, the Flushing boat, in which I sometimes take passage to New-York. There she is; you can see her now."

"Oh yes, sir; and she does move rapidly, indeed. And this reminds me, Uncle Philip, of our countryman, Mr. Fulton, about whom you promised to talk to us. I wish to know all about such a man. Will you tell us of him now, sir?"

"What do all the other boys say?"

"Oh, by all means, if you please, sir, talk about him now. We are all anxious to hear."

"Our countryman, Robert Fulton, my children, (of whom I before said we might all, as Americans, feel very proud), was born in Lancaster county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and in a town called Little Britain, you told us."

"True, I did. His parents were both Irish people; and, as far as I can learn, they were very respectable. He was not born rich. His parents were poor, and all that they could do for their boy was to send him to school in Lan-

caster. At this school he was taught the common branches of an English education. But Robert Fulton, when a boy, had a very peculiar taste ; and he showed this taste while at school. In his childhood, while other boys were playing, all his hours of recreation were passed in the shops of mechanics. And when sometimes he would become tired of this, he would employ himself in sketching pictures with his pencil. In fact, I have heard it said, that the little fellow always spent the little pocket money which he sometimes had, in one particular way. He always bought some thing which he wanted, and which was necessary to aid him in gratifying his taste for mechanics and drawing."

"And did he learn well at school, Uncle Philip?"

"Oh yes ; I feel sure of that, for his mind was always busy. Indeed, boys, I do not think that I ever heard of any man who disliked idleness more than Robert Fulton. His understanding was always good and always employed, even in childhood ; and you know, then, that he must have learned readily."

"I should think, Uncle Philip, that he must always have studied hard, and been very industrious, to have made himself so great a man."

" You are right. No man can be truly great without labour ; and I am glad that you have learned this fact so early in life. You will remember this, I hope, as you grow older ; and bear in mind that Providence has placed no person in this world to be idle. We have all some part to perform upon earth. You owe duties to God—duties to your country—and duties to yourselves ; and these duties cannot be performed by idle men. And, besides all this, boys, industry is the surest road to happiness ; and I am sure we all wish to be happy."

" Oh yes, Uncle Philip ; and I heard my father say, yesterday, '*that doing nothing was the hardest and most painful business in the world.*'"

" So, you see, Fulton was not idle as a boy, but continued for some time to employ himself in the manner which I have described. And, my lads, by the time he was seventeen years of age, he had learned so well the use of his pencil, that he went to Philadelphia, and was enabled to support himself there by painting portraits and landscapes. He remained in that place for four years, and became acquainted, during this time, with the great American philosopher, Doctor Franklin."

“That was fortunate for him, Uncle Philip ; for it seems to me that no person could have gone near such a man as Dr. Franklin without learning something. Don’t you suppose he taught him some useful things, sir ?”

“I do not know what passed between him and Franklin while he was a boy ; I only know that he made the acquaintance : and I think with you, boys, that it was a profitable companionship for him. However, Mr. Fulton, in Philadelphia, made more than enough to provide for his wants ; for when he became twenty-one years old, he had saved enough to purchase, in part, a small farm in the country, on which he settled his mother. The farm was in Washington county, in the state of Pennsylvania.

“And now, boys, I must tell you of an accident which, perhaps, gave Fulton to the world as a great man. Had he not met with this accident, he would, possibly, have lived and died a painter. After he had bought this small farm, and carried his mother to it, he started upon his return to Philadelphia. In his way, however, he visited the warm springs of Pennsylvania, where he met with several gentlemen. To these gentlemen he showed some of his paintings ; and they were so much pleased with

him, and admired his genius for painting so highly, that they advised him to go to England."

"Why could not he have remained at home, sir? Why was he advised to go to England?"

"Ah, boys, at that time painting was more valued in England than in this country. It is an older country than our own, you will remember; and the people knew more about the fine arts than we did. I think it was very good advice for that reason. But there was a better one still. Did you ever hear the name of Benjamin West?"

"I think I have heard the name, sir; but do not know who he was."

"Mr. West was an American painter, who was living in London at that time, and was much distinguished by the King of England. These gentlemen at the springs, then, advised Fulton to visit Mr. West. They thought that he might improve in his business by living with so great an artist; and they also thought that Mr. West would treat him kindly. Fulton followed this advice; left his native country, and arrived in England in the same year; and, I assure you, he was received kindly by his distinguished countryman. In fact, Mr.

West was a noble man. Like a truly great man, he was always ready to aid a young man in getting forward. He was so much pleased with young Fulton, that he invited him to remain with him in his own house."

"And did he live with him, sir?"

"Yes. He remained with him for several years, and continued to improve under his instructions. Afterward, he left his house and went to Devonshire. That is a county, you know, in the southwestern part of England. Here he remained for two years as a painter; and in that time, became acquainted with two very celebrated men. One of them was the Duke of Bridgewater, who was very famous on account of his canals; and the other was Lord Stanhope, who was also fond of the mechanic arts. And here Fulton began again to study mechanics."

"Ah, Uncle Philip; and you mean, if he had not gone to England, he would never have known these men: and this is the accident of which you spoke?"

"Yes, boys, this was the accident; for here he became very busy in another way. In a little time I find him taking out patents for his discoveries; his improvements in canals, and

many other things. You know what a patent is ?”

“ Oh yes, sir ; you explained that before.”

“ And, my lads, I can assure you, that even at this time Fulton had some idea of navigating boats by steam. Some people have denied this, but nevertheless it is true ; for I think that I can show you at home, in one of my books, a letter which he wrote to Lord Stanhope at this time upon this very subject.”

“ Then, Uncle Philip, that proves that they are wrong. In what year is his letter dated, sir ?”

“ In 1793. But we will talk of this hereafter. We will now follow him into France, where he, soon after this, went, and obtained patents in that country also, for some of his inventions. And he had also the good fortune to make another valuable friend at Paris. This was Mr. Joel Barlow, another American.”

“ Was Mr. Barlow fond of mechanics also, sir ?”

“ No, no. He is commonly known as an American poet. Mr. Fulton lived with him for seven years. They were not years of idleness either, my young friends ; for while he was there, he not only studied his own business

closely, but he learned several foreign languages—the German, Italian, and French.

“And now I must tell you of another of his inventions while there. I am about to speak of Mr. Fulton’s plunging-boat, or *Nautilus*, as he himself named it. This was a boat constructed so as to move under the water. The object was to carry her in time of war under an enemy’s ship, and blow the ship up.”

“But, Uncle Philip, how did they set fire to the powder under water?”

“Ah, my lads, he found no difficulty in this. He invented what he called *torpedoes*, purposely to carry down in these boats; and these *torpedoes* would go off under water.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, this is strange.”

“Yes, boys, it seems strange to you. Men now travel through the air, upon the water, and under the water; and I suspect that when the Frenchman Montgolfier, in the year 1782, invented a balloon, the people there were as much surprised as you are now. Indeed, his would have been a grand invention, if he had only known how to guide his balloons.”

“And has no one ever learned how to guide balloons, sir?”

“No. Several people have supposed that

they have, but they were deceived. Balloons are left at the mercy of the winds, and no man knows, when he starts, where he will land."

"But, Uncle Philip, pray tell us about Fulton's plunging-boat."

"I should have told you that this invention was not a new idea of Mr. Fulton's, and, in fact, he himself used to say that he was not the first man who had thought of it. A man by the name of David Bushnell, who lived in Connecticut, had made some experiments with a boat under water, during the revolutionary war. And now I wish to tell you another thing, and it may possibly serve to encourage some one of you hereafter. When his plans were completed, Mr. Fulton laid them before the French government, hoping that he would be allowed a sufficient quantity of money to finish his work: in this he was disappointed. He then offered them to the Dutch government: here again he was unsuccessful. But when Napoleon Bonaparte was made First Consul of France, Mr. Fulton sent to him, requesting him to patronise his plans: and the consul answered him favourably; for you know that he was a very ambitious man, and I suppose that he thought these plans of Fulton, when put into

execution, would aid him very much in making conquests."

"And was Fulton enabled to make his experiments, sir?"

"Yes. Do you know where the town of Brest is situated?"

"Yes, sir; it is in the northwestern part of France."

"Very well. It was at this place that he first tried his plunging-boat; and I wish you were capable of understanding more about this boat."

"But, Uncle Philip, you can tell us something about it, and tell us whether he succeeded or not."

"He succeeded admirably. He had constructed this boat, boys, so that she could sail upon the water, and at any moment dive under the water. She moved slowly, sailing only about two miles in an hour; but what was very remarkable was this: in two minutes, Fulton could strike her masts and sails, and plunge her into the water."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was rapid. And how fast did she move under the water, sir?"

"Why, of course, Uncle Philip, they could

not tell that; for they could not see under water."

"Stay, George, not so fast. If the men in the boat had not been able to see, still, other people, who were looking on, might notice the time when the boat went down, and observe it also when the boat rose again.—And this, I am sure, would give *the time*. And you know they must have seen the places also, where she sunk and where she rose. And then if they measured between these places, that would have given them *the distance*."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, I am sure, they would have known how fast the boat moved under the water."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and it was silly in me not to think of that."

"But besides this, I say, the men in the boat were able to tell the time. Fulton descended in her himself, and he counted the number of minutes upon the face of his watch, and found that she moved five hundred yards in seven minutes. I will tell you how he did this. He had a glass window, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, set in his boat, and that gave him all the light which he wanted. And I will

tell you another thing which he found out. He discovered that the compass would point as accurately beneath the water as above it; and he could therefore steer his boat without difficulty."

"Then, Uncle Philip, Bonaparte must have been pleased with this success."

"Yes, my lads; at first he was very much pleased; but, during the summer of the year 1801, when Mr. Fulton waited for some English vessel to come near the coast of France that he might blow her up, no vessel came. At one time, he was very near one large English ship, but she moved off just in time to save herself. So the people in France were disappointed, and were no longer disposed to aid him.

"But some of the people in England became alarmed when they heard of his experiment; for they thought that Mr. Fulton might become a very dangerous man to their country. Lord Stanhope (who was acquainted with him in England, you know) made a speech in the English parliament, and spoke of this danger; and he thought it best for the English government to invite Mr. Fulton to leave France, and settle in their country. And it was through

his influence that he was invited over by the British minister."

"And did he go over, sir?"

"He went over, and settled in London. And now, boys, as we have taken as many fish as we shall catch, I think we had best go home. Fishing and talking will not do together always."

No, Uncle Philip; for talking frightens the fish; and I do not believe there has been one near my hook for the last hour."

"Well, well. Take up the basket, William, and we will go."

"Very good, Uncle Philip; but you will talk to us as we walk homeward?"

"No. I have told you now as much as you can remember for this morning. You must tell your sisters what I have told you; and tomorrow they will be able to go on with us."

CONVERSATION XVI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Robert Fulton and his Inventions.

“MANY people, my children, have blamed Mr. Fulton very much for leaving France to go to England. Their reasons for this, I suppose, were these. In the first place, he had offered his services to the French government, and they were accepted; therefore he had no right to leave France. In the second place, England was the enemy of France; and therefore he acted basely to leave France for the express purpose of giving his services to her enemy. This is the way in which some talk of him now, even when he is dead.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, what do you think of his conduct?”

“Far from censuring him, my children, I think he acted in a manner which entitles him to great praise. The French, you know, had ceased giving him and assistance; and, besides,

if they had not done this, I cannot blame Mr. Fulton for quitting them. He knew, boys, that many people thought, at that time, that he was acting wrong; but this did not induce him to hesitate. Fulton was working for the benefit of mankind; and he wanted money to enable him to make discoveries for their benefit. And so, provided he could obtain money honestly for this purpose, he cared not whence it came. Was not that right?"

"I should think so, sir."

"And that was the cause of my saying that he deserved credit for going to England; for, when he was aware he was about to be blamed, he still did what he thought was his duty. And, to show you the perfect honesty of this man, I must tell you another thing. He told the people in France that he was about to go to England when these English proposals were made."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that settles it. His conduct was right; for, I am sure, no person who knows these facts can blame him. And now, if you please, sir, we will hear you talk about some of his experiments in England."

"For my own part, I do not think he was

treated very well in England. And I think, my lads, that I know the cause of it."

"What was it, Uncle Philip?"

"England is now, and has been for a long time, very celebrated on account of the strength of her navy. You will perceive, then, at once, that if Mr. Fulton's plan had succeeded for blowing up ships, and that plan should have ever become generally known, England would have been a greater loser than any other nation."

"Oh yes, sir, because she had more ships to be destroyed."

"Well, my lads, he did succeed very well in one experiment which he made for them. A large brig was anchored out in the water, on purpose that he might make a trial upon her with his *torpedoes*. The brig was blown out of the water and broken into fragments, in less than a minute after the *torpedo* went off. This was witnessed by several distinguished Englishmen. Notwithstanding this success, he was neglected; and, as I said a moment since, neglected, I believe, for this very success."

"But, Uncle Philip, one thought on this subject has just struck me; and yet I do not wish to dispute your opinion, sir"

“Speak out—speak out, my lad. I shall not be offended.”

“Then, sir, I was thinking this. You said, yesterday, I believe, that the English invited Fulton to their country because they were afraid of the experiments which he had made in France; and, therefore, desired his services.”

“Well, what then?”

“And now (if I understand you, Uncle Philip), you say that, for the success of those very services, they disliked him.”

“Very good. That is all clear. If Mr. Fulton’s experiments were to continue, the English preferred that they should be made in their own country rather than in France. But they would have preferred, above all, that his experiments should have ceased altogether. I think I can prove this to you, George; for I can assure you, that in England, Mr. Fulton was offered a large reward if he would promise to suppress his discoveries, and not suffer them to be known, either in his own country or in any other.”

“Is it possible, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes, yes, it is true. And now just reach me that large book with the green cover, just

behind you, and I will read to you Mr. Fulton's answer to this proposal. After that, you will like him the better. Here is a part of his answer,—listen to it.

“*At all events, whatever may be your award, I never will consent to let these inventions lie dormant, should my country at any time have need of them. Were you to grant me an annuity of twenty thousand pounds a year, I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country.*”—Does not that sound well?”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, that must be the language of a patriot. I am glad that you read that passage, sir; for I shall think well of Fulton as long as I live. And for my part, sir, had I been in his situation, I am sure I would not have remained in England.”

“Then you would have done precisely as he did; for he left that country, and very wisely determined to come to the United States. In this country he was received, on his return, very kindly. The government aided him in his plans, and he made several experiments in New-York, in some of which he succeeded, and in others he failed. But very few people, my children, thought that these failures were owing

to him. And now we will talk about his inventions in navigating boats by steam."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and that is what I have been wishing you to come to."

"Before we begin, however, I must carry you back a little. You remember my telling you that Fulton had thought of this business as early as the year 1793?"

"Yes, sir. And you said, Uncle Philip, that you could show a letter which he wrote in that year to Lord Stanhope upon this subject."

"So I did, and I will now look for it. Here is the book. Let me see. I do not find Fulton's own letter, but here is Lord Stanhope's answer to his letter, dated in the same year. And this will do just as well, for Lord Stanhope's answer proves not only that Fulton had written to him, but had also written about steam navigation: here it is:—

"Sir: I have received yours of the 30th of September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered, respecting the moving of ships by the means of steam."

"Then, Uncle Philip, those people are certainly wrong who say that Mr. Fulton had not thought of steam-boats so early as 1793."

"Surely they are. In the year 1801, while Mr. Fulton was in Paris, another American gentleman arrived in that city. This was Robert R. Livingston, a distinguished man, who was at that time sent out as minister to France by our government."

"Uncle Philip, what do you mean by a minister to France?"

"I mean a man who is sent there by our country for the purpose of doing public business with the French government. Do you understand me?"

"Not exactly, sir."

"You know that two men may sometimes have business with each other, and they may have clerks or agents to do that business?"

"Yes, sir, that is plain enough."

"Two countries may also have business together, and each country may appoint its own agent to do that business. So a minister is only a public servant. Is not that plain, also?"

"Yes, yes, sir; I see what your meaning is, Uncle Philip."

"Mr. Livingston then met Mr. Fulton in Paris; and as he was fond of the same sort of studies which Mr. Fulton liked, these two men

became intimate. Mr. Fulton was soon persuaded by his friend to turn his attention again to steam-boats.

“And, in the year 1803, these two men finished a boat, anchored her out in the river Seine, and were ready to make an experiment. This boat was built at their joint expense, but the plan was Mr. Fulton’s. And now I must tell you a story about this boat.

“One morning, as Mr. Fulton was rising from his bed, where he had not slept much the night before, a messenger entered his room very much frightened, and cried out, ‘Oh sir, the boat has broken in pieces, and gone to the bottom.’ Of course, this news depressed Mr. Fulton’s spirits very much; for he had laboured for a long time, and was just ready to try his work, and see if it would prove useful, when this accident occurred.”

“And the boat had really gone to the bottom, sir?”

“Oh, yes. They had made a mistake in building her. She was too light, and too weakly framed. So, when they placed the steam-engine in her, (which, you know, is made of metal, and is heavy), she at first bore the weight. But on the night before they

were to have tried her, the wind rose, and the waves in the river became rough, and the boat had been split into two parts, and the engine had sunk."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should have been almost tempted to have given up the plan. Indeed, to have been treated badly in France—to have had such a misfortune as this—and afterward to have been disappointed in England; all these things, sir, were sufficient to cause any man to tire in his labours. And, to tell the truth, sir, I should have left this sort of work, and gone into some other business."

"And yet, Thomas, this was not sufficient to fatigue this man. It seems to me, that Fulton only worked with more earnestness for the difficulties which surrounded him. And that, boys, is one of the marks of a great man. Common people sink under misfortunes; but great men struggle under them, and overcome them. Ah, my lad, Robert Fulton and Thomas Little were very unlike, I am afraid; and I am now telling you this in hopes that you will strive to be more like him. At any rate, that you may learn to be firm as he was; and that you will never allow troubles to master you, but that you will learn to master troubles.

And now, suppose that he had despaired under his disappointments, and gone to some other pursuit, what then ?”

“Why, then, Uncle Philip, the world would never have been indebted to him for steam-boats.”

“True. And all that would have been said of him would have been this—‘Robert Fulton tried to be a great man, but failed.’

“So he was not discouraged, although he thought that so many months’ work was lost ; but began to labour on that same day to relieve himself. Indeed, I have heard, that he even worked with his own hands for twenty-four hours, to get that engine out of the water, and that during that time he ate nothing.”

“And did he succeed, sir ?”

“Yes. In a short time, he got the engine up ; and after this, he built another and a stronger boat, and made his experiment. In this he succeeded so well, that he was perfectly satisfied that boats could be made to move by steam. This was in the year 1803. He determined at once to come to America, and enrich his own country with the discovery. But you will remember, that at this time he received that invitation to go to England which

carried him there. And from England, you know, he came to this country?"

"Yes, sir. And in what year did he arrive in America?"

"It was in the year 1806, and so certain was he of the success of his plans, that he immediately commenced building a steam boat. Mr. Livingston, too, aided him in this. They continued constantly at their work until this boat was completed; and in the spring of the year 1807, she was launched. The engine was placed on board of her, and in August she was ready for the experiment."

"Uncle Philip, what did the people in New-York think of this boat while she was building? I should like to know that."

"Many of them thought that the plan was perfectly ridiculous, and said so openly; but I was just about to tell you the history of her first trip, to show you what the opinion of the people was."

"If you please, sir. And I know, Uncle Philip, if I had been in New-York at that time, I would have seen that experiment."

"When the boat was ready for starting, crowds of people went down to the wharf to gratify their curiosity. They did not suppose

that Fulton would succeed. In fact, some smiled; others said that he was a foolish man, who was wasting money; and almost every person then expected a complete failure. But when the boat moved off from the wharf, and, as she went, moved faster, then they began to wonder—then to admire Mr. Fulton's talents. While she was going on, and the people upon the shore all surprised, Fulton caused the boat to be stopped."

"What for, sir?"

"He thought that he could make her move more rapidly. He made some alteration in the wheels of the boat, and started her again; and she did travel faster. And, my children, many of those very people, who but a moment before had laughed, now began to shout and applaud Mr. Fulton."

"How he must have been pleased, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes, indeed, it must have been gratifying to Fulton and his friends, to find the very same men who had gone there doubting of his success, and smiling at his folly, shouting when his boat moved off.

"This boat, in a short time, made another trip. Indeed, the experiment which had been

made could hardly be called a trip, for she went only as far as the Jersey shore. Her next trip was to Albany. This place is about one hundred and fifty miles from New-York. And I remember reading in the newspaper at that time, my children, that of the people upon the shores of the Hudson, some were frightened and all were astonished, on seeing such a thing moving in the water. I have heard it said, that one old man, who was very much frightened, called the boat 'a monster,' blowing smoke and breathing fire as she moved.' "

"I suppose, Uncle Philip, that some of these people were more alarmed than the Indians were when they first saw Hudson's ship sailing up the river. How many years since they saw Hudson's vessel, sir?"

"It was one hundred and ninety-eight years after Hudson sailed up that river, that Fulton made his trip."

"And how long was she in travelling that distance, sir?"

"Thirty-two hours in going, and thirty in returning. You know that rate of travelling was near five miles an hour. Mr. Fulton was on board, and he said that the wind was ahead all the way, both going and coming; and that

caused the boat to move more slowly than she would have done otherwise. And I think this was true ; for boats now move more than twice as fast, you know."

"Yes ; but perhaps, Uncle Philip, improvements may have been made since ?"

"That is true ; but still, my own opinion is, that the boat could have moved more rapidly."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should like to know what the name of the first steam-boat was."

"She was called the *Clermont*, after a country seat which Mr. Livingston owned. And now let me tell you something about Mr. Fulton's patents. You know what a patent is, and you also know that he deserved something for all his labour and expense."

"Oh yes, sir, surely he did."

"In the year 1809, he took out his first patent for his invention of steam-boats, and two years after that he got another patent for some improvements."

"But where was Mr. Livingston, sir ? Did he not join him in the patent ?"

"No, my lad. Mr. Livingston knew that Fulton was the inventor of this thing, and he was not base enough to pretend to any such

right himself. And I wish, my children, that I could say as much for many other people. Many have denied that our countryman, Fulton, was the first man who navigated a boat by steam, and laid claim to the invention for themselves. Yes, even some countries have claimed it for some one of their own citizens."

"Yes, sir. And this puts me in mind of what William Brown said when you told us the story about Christopher Columbus. But will you tell us the names of some of these men who claimed Fulton's invention?"

"The French claim that a man called the Abbé Arnal proposed applying steam power to a vessel in the year 1781. And another Frenchman, commonly called the Marquis of Juffroy, says that he constructed a steam-boat at Lyons, in the year 1782.

"The English say that two of their countrymen, Hunter and Dickinson, took out a patent for the invention in the year 1800.

"And the Scotch declare that a successful experiment in moving steam-boats was made in their country in the year 1801.

"Besides these, my children, there was an American claimant. The friends of a Mr. Fitch say that he caused a boat to be made,

which he tried on the Delaware river in the year 1783."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that first Frenchman that you mentioned was before all the others in point of time. He seems to have been the man."

"No, no, Uncle Philip, he was not; for you remember Fulton's letter in 1793?"

"Yes; but that was only a letter, after all, Uncle Philip, in which Fulton gave some of his ideas on this subject to Lord Stanhope. But the Abbé Arnal *really took out a patent first*. Besides this, Fulton's letter is dated twelve years after Abbé Arnal's patent."

"True; so he did take the patent out first, but that proves nothing; for I say that neither Arnal, the Marquis of Juffroy, Mr. Hunter, nor Mr. Dickinson, nor Mr. Fitch, any one of them, succeeded in their experiments. They all made attempts to move boats by steam, and failed so completely, that no boats made after their plans have been adopted

"No one pretends to say that Robert Fulton was the first man who *thought* of navigating boats by steam: but Americans boast, that if he was not the first to think of it, he was the first to *execute it*. Indeed, we know that many

men were certain, long before the invention, that steam power might be applied to boats ; but Fulton was the man who first discovered how to apply it usefully."

"Then, sir, he deserves the greater credit, in my opinion."

' Why, my lad ?'

"Because, when a great number of men were trying very hard to find out a certain thing, he was the only man who was able to discover it."

"A very good idea, indeed. And I will tell you what is very certain proof that his discovery was a great one. Those nations would not have been so anxious to claim it, if it had not been worth the claiming. And I wish you to remember one thing, particularly. Mr. Fulton himself used to say that he was not the first man who *thought of* this thing, but the first man who *did* it."

"That is all very plain, sir : and will you tell me, now, how Mr. Fulton employed himself after this ?"

"Why, my lad, he continued to make improvements upon his own invention ; and he also was serviceable to his countrymen, by giving them some good advice upon the subject of

making canals. Do any of you know when the last war between England and this country broke out?"

"No, sir."

"It was in the year 1812. This war induced Mr. Fulton again to turn his attention to those boats which moved under water, and he constructed a plan for shooting guns under the water also. This war lasted more than two years; and the people in the city of New-York thought that their harbour was very much exposed to the attacks of the English. In the year 1814, therefore, Mr. Fulton commenced building an armed steam-ship for their defence. He also, during this year, began to construct a large plunging-boat, which should carry down in it one hundred men."

"Uncle Philip, it seems to me, that Fulton's plans became greater and greater every year."

"True, they did; and had he lived, we cannot say how far he would have carried his discoveries. This steam-ship was launched during his lifetime; but he died before she made her experiments."

"When did he die, Uncle Philip?"

"On the 24th day of February, in the year

1815. His steam-ship has been tried since his death, and has succeeded."

"He died, then, sir, at the very time when he was most useful to his country."

"Ah, Thomas, he was useful at all times. It is difficult to say when he was most so. There were few things which he attempted in which he did not succeed."

"And how old was he when he died, sir?"

"Fifty years of age. And now, my children, that I have finished the life of this man, let me say that I would not have talked to you about him, had I not hoped that you would have learned something by listening. By this, I do not mean your finding out who he was—when he lived—and what he has done, though all this will be useful knowledge to you ; but if any one of you shall learn to be as industrious as he was, to persevere as he did, and to love his country as ardently as Robert Fulton loved it, then, my children, we have not spent the last two days unprofitably in talking of our distinguished countryman."

CONVERSATION XVII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about the plan of the French to joining their Settlements, and the War which it produced between them and the English—Talks to them about Danvers Osborne, who was Governor after Mr. Clinton, and who killed himself—Tells of the Arrival of General Braddock, and the three English Expeditions against Fort du Quesne, Crown Point, and Fort Frontenac; all of which failed—Talks of a meeting of the English Governors to determine upon another Attack upon Canada.

“AND now, Uncle Philip, we will go back to our history.”

“Very good, my young friends. Where did we leave off? Do you remember which English governor we talked of last?”

“Oh yes, sir. It was Governor Clinton; and you had just told us about the treaty of peace which was signed in that old town in Germany. I cannot remember the name.”

“You mean the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748. But, notwithstanding this peace, the French Indians continued to make depredations upon the English.”

“Just like them, sir.”

“But these occasional attacks from these Indians were not very extensive; nor do I believe that they did a great deal of harm, for the English trade continued to increase; and at Oswego (where the fort was, you know), the profits of their trade with some of the savages were very great. This trading-house the French had never liked; and now that it was successful, they disliked it still more. And I will tell you what caused farther difficulty. The French and the English both began to build trading-houses upon some of the Indian lands; and the traders of each nation soon commenced quarrelling. Each party said that the other was wrong; but I think, from all that I have read about this dispute, that the French party should bear the blame. I will tell you why I think so.

“The French had the command of the three lakes—Champlain, Ontario, and Erie. They also had a chain of military posts from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Detroit; and it is my opinion, that they were anxious to connect these with the settlements which they had upon the Mississippi river. And this, I think,

produced the quarrels. You remember, perhaps, my saying something of this before ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very good. And now tell me if you can recollect any thing which I said in the Virginia stories, about a grant of land upon the Ohio river, which was made about this time to several Englishmen and Virginians ?”

“Oh yes, sir ; you mean to the Ohio company : and I remember this, it produced a difficulty.”

“Yes, for those men who received the grant went there, took possession of the land, and erected trading-houses. The governor of Canada very soon heard of this, and he wrote to some of the English governors, complaining that they had settled upon the French territory. In fact, he threatened, that if the traders did not move away, they should all be seized.

“These traders, my children, did not move away ; and they were seized, and sent as prisoners to a place then called Presque Isle. You will see it on the south side of Lake Erie.”

“I see no such place, sir.”

“No, not on this map. You will find it on the old ones. The place is now called Erie.”

"I see that name, sir."

"Here these men were placed as prisoners, and the French opened an easy communication between this spot and the Ohio, by means of French creek and the Alleghany river. If you will notice these rivers, you will see how easily this might be done. They then placed men all along at different spots upon these rivers, so that this chain was complete. And they had a fort at Erie, and another upon the Ohio. And now, which of you can tell me any thing about Governor Dinwiddie?"

"I can, I can, sir. He was governor of Virginia, and the very man who sent Washington with a letter to the French fort: and you know the French commander, after reading the letter, said that he could give no answer until he heard from the governor of Canada. And Washington refused to wait for such an answer, and this produced a war, sir."

"That is all correct; and who was General Braddock?"

"He was the brave English general who came over shortly after this war began, to fight against the French; and the poor man received a fatal wound at Fort du Quesne."

"Well, Mary, I am glad to find that your

memory is so good, and that you have attended so closely to our former stories.”*

“Now, Uncle Philip, we are coming to this French war, and we shall see what part the people in New-York bore in it.”

“But, before we go on with this, you must bear in mind that Governor Clinton resigned his situation in the year 1753; for many people were very much dissatisfied with him: and a man called Danvers Osborne, was appointed to take his place. He did not arrive immediately; and in the meantime Mr. Delancey acted as lieutenant-governor. This only lasted for a short time; for Mr. Osborne arrived in this country in the month of October, in the same year. He was received kindly by the people; and they invited him, as well as the old governor, to a public dinner, and seemed disposed to give him no cause to dislike them. But while others were merry at this dinner, Mr. Osborne was sad. No one knew what was the cause of it. On the evening of the third day after his arrival, he sent for a doctor and complained of sickness. He soon went to his chamber, and dismissed his servant (it is said) about midnight. On the next morning the peo-

* See the Conversations on Virginia.

ple in the house were very quiet, because they did not wish to disturb him in his sleep; but in the midst of this silence some one came running into the house, and said that Mr. Osborne was hanging dead against the fence in the lower part of the garden."

"Oh, Uncle Philip! and was it true?"

"Yes; too true, my lad."

"And what was the matter? who could have been the murderer, sir?"

"Osborne killed himself. He was crazy, some said, and others declared that he had been murdered: and I have mentioned these circumstances, because I think that great injustice has been done to some people, by saying that he was murdered."

"Why, Uncle Philip? Did they ever say that any particular man killed him?"

"Yes; but I will not tell you his name, because I know that it is false; for I have seen the statement of a man who knew Mr. Osborne in England, who declares that he was crazy in that country. Besides this, my children, papers were found afterward in his handwriting, which prove that he had determined to kill himself."

"And, Uncle Philip, did nobody ever hear him making a noise? I should suppose that he

would have struggled hard while hanging, and made a noise of some sort. And then he might have been saved."

"One man heard him. He was moving in a boat upon the river which passed by the fence, just before daylight, and he heard what he supposed to be something scratching against the fence, but did not know what it was. But this noise was made by the feet of this poor man, who was then struggling."

"Well, sir, this is a sad story. I always feel unhappy, Uncle Philip, when I hear of a man's killing himself."

"I should think that any one would feel sad. God has said, '*Thou shalt do no murder*;' and the man who kills himself, I think, commits the worst kind of murder. You know God has placed us all in this world, and we belong to him, and owe him our services. If, then, I should kill myself, or any other man, I deprive God of part of his property and his services. We must all wait our appointed time to die; and if a man is unhappy, that furnishes no excuse for his wishing to get out of the world."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was what our old neighbour Mr. Jenkins, who cut his throat, used to say. He said that he was unhappy, and did not wish to live."

“It is better to be unhappy, my children, in this world, than miserable in another; for we are in this world but for a short time; and we shall live in another through all eternity. I sometimes think that to be vexed upon earth is a great blessing; for you know the Bible says ‘*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*’ In fact, I do not believe that a man can be a good Christian without some trials and sorrows; for these trials make a man pray to God that he will give him comfort and strength for the sake of his son Jesus Christ; and praying earnestly makes the man a Christian. But you will remember that poor Osborne was crazy, and did not know what he was doing. And now, if you will bear in mind, that after the death of Mr. Osborne, Mr. Delancey continued lieutenant-governor, we will talk about the French war.

“And here I wish to tell you one thing before I begin. This was a very unequal war, for this reason: the French governors were generally very brave men, and they had the control of but one colony.”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean that the French colonies in America had but one governor over them; whereas, the English colonies had many governors

And this one French governor was able to obtain all the aid of all his colonists; but the English were divided. The different governors had different plans, and different views and feelings, so that they seldom worked together. You see, then, the disadvantage, do you not?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And to remedy this difficulty, you will remember that I told you the plan for joining the English colonies together, which Dr. Franklin offered to several of the governors who met at Albany."

"Oh yes, sir; and they did not adopt his plan."

"That is true; and I have often smiled at the reasons why this plan was rejected. You know, in England, it was not agreed to, because the king thought that it gave too much power to the people in America."

"Yes, sir; and the people in America would not consent to it, because they supposed it gave too much power to the king. That was what you said before."

"Yes, my lad; and that was very strange."

"Very, indeed, sir; but now, if you please, Uncle Philip, we will go on with the war."

“The English government had before this, ordered their colonies to resist the encroachments of the French ; but there had been no open declaration of war. At length, General Braddock arrived with his men ; and, you know, the first thing which he did was to meet some of the English governors, for the purpose of settling the plan of the war.

“At this meeting, three expeditions were resolved on. The first was to be made against Fort du Quesne, by General Braddock himself, with his British soldiers, and such Virginians as would aid him. This, you know, we talked of in our Virginian stories. So I shall only remind you, now, that this expedition failed ; and poor Braddock, as Mary has just stated, received a wound which cost him his life.

“The second attack was to be made against Fort Frontenac (which place, I think I have told you, is now called Kingston) and Niagara. This was to be commanded by Mr. Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts.

“The third was to be against Crown Point. The forces raised in New-York and New-England were to make this, under the direction of Major-general William Johnson.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, tell us about these other expeditions.”

“I am about to do so; and first, let us talk about the one against Crown Point.

“After assembling his men together at Albany, General Johnson started, and got as far as the southern extremity of Lake George. On his way there, he passed a place called Fort Edward, and there many of his men were stationed under General Lyman, a very brave man. He determined to remain for a short time at the southern end of Lake George, for he was not quite ready to march on. Afterward, his plan was to move on to Ticonderoga; and if you will again look up on the map, you will see that this place is directly south of Crown Point. Indeed, I believe it is not more than fifteen miles distant from it.

“While he was waiting, however, at this spot, some wandering Indians brought him the news that a large party of the French were moving toward Fort Edward. Johnson knew that he had left only about five hundred men there, and he became alarmed for their safety. So he immediately called some of his officers together, to know what was to be done. It was resolved to send out several men to the relief of this place, under the command of a man called Colonel Williams. But then they could not determine upon the number of men neces

sary to be sent. There was an old Mohawk sachem, named Hendrick, who was present, and they proposed to him that a certain number should be sent ; but he replied, ‘If they are to fight, they are too few—and if they are to be killed, they are too many.’”

“What did he mean, Uncle Philip?”

“He meant that the number was not large enough. It was determined, then, that the number should be twelve hundred men ; and then General Johnson proposed dividing them into three parties. But old Hendrick took three sticks, and, putting them together, said to the general, ‘Put these together, and you cannot break them ; but take them one by one, and you will break them easily.’”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, I know what his meaning was this time—he meant that those men should be kept together.”

“Yes, and General Johnson took his advice ; and so Colonel Williams started with one thousand white men and two hundred Indians toward Fort Edward. He had not been gone more than two hours, when Johnson and his men began to hear the firing of guns, which sounded to them not more than three miles distant ; and presently the sound drew nearer

and nearer, and Johnson became very much frightened. And he had cause for fright, my children; for soon after, many of Colonel Williams's men were seen rushing back, and in a little while the French army came in sight, for they were pursuing these men closely. And I think, boys, if these Frenchmen had rushed immediately upon the encampment where Johnson and his men were, that they would have killed them all, or taken them prisoners. For they were led on by Baron Dieskau, a very brave soldier; and, besides this, the English were so much taken by surprise, that I hardly think they would have made any resistance."

"Then Baron Dieskau did not rush upon them, sir?"

"No. He stopped with his men about one hundred and fifty yards from the encampment, and they commenced firing. But this firing could not do them much injury at such a distance, and the English had time to prepare their cannons and return the fire. Then the French and the Canadians began to run, and to dodge behind logs, and trees, and bushes. Baron Dieskau, like a brave man, stood with a few of his troops around him, and continued to

fight. He attempted for a long time to force his way, first on the right hand, and then on the left; but it was all to no purpose. The few who had stood around him began to scatter and become confused; and then the English jumped over their breastwork, killed many, and pursued those who ran. The French, in this battle, out of two thousand men, had between seven and eight hundred killed, and thirty taken prisoners."

"And what became of their brave commander, sir?"

"He, poor man, received a ball in one of his legs, and was unable to follow his army. He was found by an English soldier, resting upon the stump of a tree, with scarcely a friend near him. The baron thought that he was not safe; and while he was feeling for his watch, that he might give it to the soldier to prevent his shooting him, he received another wound; for the soldier thought that he was searching for a pistol, and so he shot him."

"Poor man, Uncle Philip; and did the shot kill him?"

"No; but he was made prisoner, and carried first to Albany, and afterward to New-York. But he was not a prisoner always; for some

time after this he sailed for Europe, returned to France, and died there."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should like, also, to know how many men the English lost in this battle."

"About two hundred, my lad; and among these were some brave men. Colonel Williams, and a Colonel Ashley, and Major Nichols, all died here. And there was another man, children, who lost his life here. It was the old Mohawk sachem."

"Poor old Hendrick, sir? Ah, Uncle Philip, I feel sorry for him."

"General Johnson himself was also wounded in this battle in the early part of the day; and then General Lyman took the command; and I think, my lads, that he deserves more credit for this victory than any other Englishman who was on the field."

"And now, Uncle Philip, I suppose that the English were ready to march against Crown Point?"

"No, no. It was thought too late in the season to make the attack, and these men all returned home. And so ended this expedition against Crown Point."

"Well, sir, I call this a failure."

‘Yes, and you call it by its proper name. The English did not succeed in doing what they wished; but still they boasted very much of having obtained a victory.’

“But I think a man does well when he succeeds in what he undertakes. That is my notion, sir; and now will you let us hear about the expedition against Fort Frontenac?”

“This was not even so fortunate as the one we have talked of. Governor Shirley went, with his two thousand men, as far as Oswego. Here he determined to leave fourteen hundred of these, and cross the lake with only six hundred.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, that looks like protecting Oswego instead of attacking Fort Frontenac.”

“So it does: but it did neither of these things. The lake was a little boisterous, for what was called the rainy season was coming on; and his men were badly supplied with provisions, so he returned with most of them to Albany. He left, however, only seven hundred men at Oswego when he went back; and these were under the command of Colonel Mercer. We shall learn hereafter what became of them.”

“And so he did nothing, also. Then,

Uncle Philip, all three of these expeditions failed?"

"Yes, my lad; and this war, so far, was of no service to the English that I can see, except in two particular things: one was, the capture of the whole of Nova Scotia, which before this had been taken by the Massachusetts soldiers under Colonel Monckton, another brave officer."

"And what was the other, sir?"

"It was this: these disappointments caused the English colonists to make greater exertions than ever; and some of them proved that they were very patriotic—that is, that they loved their country. Among these, I am proud to have it in my power to say, that our own state, New-York, was always ready to offer her assistance; and she gave away large sums of money to carry on this war with the French. She also gave money to some of her sister colonies, to enable them to keep off the Indians, who were constantly attacking them.

"So General Shirley returned to Albany after his disappointment, and there received a commission, appointing him the chief commander of all the forces in North America. A meeting was soon called, that all the English governors might hold a council of war."

You mean, I suppose, sir, that they might determine what was to be done."

"Yes. The governors of Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland met, and they said that the cause of the failure in their former plans, was the want of a sufficient number of forces. So they still continued to think of conquering Canada; and talked about making attacks upon the same places. They resolved, however, to have more men this time. They thought that they could raise ten thousand to go against Crown Point; six thousand against Niagara and Fort Frontenac; and three thousand against Fort du Quesne."

"That was a large number of soldiers, Uncle Philip; and I hope that we shall hear better news about them in this second undertaking; for I think that the French plan for joining their settlements at the expense of the English, was very unjust. And I am anxious to learn that they were defeated.

"You will hear something more about it in the morning; and now, children, I bid you good evening."

CONVERSATION XVIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more of the War between the French and English—Talks of Lord Loudoun and his Failures—Talks to them about Generals Abercrombie and Amherst, and their Expeditions—Gives an Account of the Battle of Quebec, where General Wolfe and General Montcalm both died.

“As we wish to keep every thing distinctly in memory, my young companions, the first thing that I have to do now, is to tell you that a new governor of New-York arrived in the year 1755.”

“And who was he, sir?”

“Sir Charles Hardy was the man. The legislature met soon after his arrival, and seemed very anxious to assist in these undertakings against the French; and so we will now look into this second plan of the war.”

“Very good, sir; and we are all ready to hear.”

“The command of the expedition against Crown Point was this time given to Major-general Winslow, as he was called, and he was well known to be a brave man. He as-

sembled his men in the neighbourhood of Lake George, and found that he had only seven thousand; and he did not think this number sufficient."

"No, Uncle Philip; for ten thousand, you said, was the number to go against Crown Point."

"But, fortunately, General Abercrombie joined him, with a large body of English troops; and now his army was large enough, but still he was not ready to go on."

"Why, what was the matter now, sir?"

"Do you remember my telling you, when I talked of Virginia, that Washington at one time resigned his command as an officer?"

"Oh yes, sir; and the cause of his doing this was, that the English officers were placed above the American officers."*

"You are right; and this same difficulty occurred in New-York. The Earl of Loudoun (of whom we have talked before) had been sent out to this country as commander-in-chief of all the soldiers in North America."

"I thought Mr. Shirley was commander-in-chief, sir?"

"So he was, until Lord Loudoun arrived.

* See Conversations on Virginia.

When he came, this dispute about American and English officers again began; and while they were settling this, I will tell you what was done. One thing I know; it would have been much better for them if they had never had such a dispute. And, as I said, I must tell you what happened while this dispute was going on. Did you ever hear of the Marquis de Montcalm?"

‘No, sir. Who was he, Uncle Philip?’

“He was the French general who succeeded Baron Dieskau, and commanded the troops of Canada after him. And he was one of the bravest Frenchmen of whom I ever heard.

“While the English were ignorant as to what they should do, he left Fort Frontenac with an army of five thousand men, to make an attack upon Oswego. He crossed over the lake, I believe. He then placed his large ships before the place, so as to block it up by water, and fixed a very strong body of men between Oswego and Albany, so as to prevent their receiving any assistance from New-York. He then brought up his cannon, and commenced firing upon the place. In a little time General Mercer, who was stationed there, as you know, received a wound from a cannon-ball

which cost him his life. After this the fort surrendered, but upon certain conditions. The prisoners were to be treated kindly, and carried to Montreal."

"These terms were very good on the part of the English, were they not, sir?"

"Very good, if they had been kept. It is said that the French violated these terms, and many of the British officers and soldiers were insulted and murdered by the Indians. I have read, in one old book, that many who were sick were cruelly scalped in what was called the hospital; that is, a place where the sick are put to be nursed."

"Uncle Philip, that was base."

"The worst part of all this was the story which was told about General Montcalm. Some people say that he really delivered up about twenty of the prisoners to the English, for them to do with as they pleased."

"And that was worse than murdering, sir?"

"If true, it was; because he must have known that the Indians would not only kill those men, but kill them in their most cruel way. But I hope, children, that this story is not true; and I must do the French general justice, by telling you that many people deny it

altogether. At any rate, after the surrender, he destroyed the forts at Oswego, took all the ammunition there, and captured about fifteen hundred prisoners. After this, he told the savages that the English had built these forts there only to frighten them, and to keep them in submission; and then he, with his army, returned to Fort Frontenac. And thus ended the trading at Oswego."

"And what was done by the English when they heard of all this, sir?"

"Lord Loudoun became alarmed, and thought that instead of making attacks upon their enemies, they had best make ready to protect themselves at home. So General Winslow was ordered not to go on against Crown Point, but only to make preparations to prevent the French from entering into New-York by the way of Lake Champlain. Many posts in different parts of the state were made strong, particularly Fort Edward and Fort William Henry."

"Where was Fort William Henry, sir?"

"On the southern shore of Lake George. And this, my children, was all that was done; and so ended the second attempt made by the English to subdue Canada."

"But how about those other expeditions?"

“The one against Fort Frontenac had not been commenced; and as for that against Fort du Quesne, there was not a single preparation made toward it.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, that was shameful. What could have been the cause of all this?”

I think the cause was what I have already stated. The English colonies were not all joined together, like the French. But Lord Loudoun, boys, had a very different opinion from Uncle Philip. He called, immediately, another council of war, to be held in the city of Boston, and invited the governors of New-England and Nova Scotia to meet him there. At this meeting he said that these failures were owing altogether to the colonies. He stated that there was not a sufficient number of colonial soldiers; and that such as were in the country were not good soldiers.”

“But how could he say so, sir? I am sure the soldiers of the colony fought well when Baron Dieskau was taken prisoner.”

“Indeed they did. The fact is, I think, that Lord Loudoun wished to throw the blame of these failures somewhere, and he did not know where he could throw it except upon these soldiers. I wish that he had been half as brave

or half as useful as some of these very men whom he abused."

"I hope, sir, that he did something more than abusing these men. If that was all he did, I see no necessity for the meeting."

"Oh yes. He recommended that troops should be raised in New-England, New-York, and New-Jersey, for another campaign. This council met in the winter time; and, notwithstanding all his abuse, when spring opened, a large number of soldiers were collected for him. All of them were anxious also to go on with this war. And now look upon the map, and tell me if you see Halifax?"

"Yes, sir, I see it. There it is, in Nova Scotia."

"Right, Mary; and you will bear in mind, that at this very time of which we are speaking, Admiral Holbourn arrived at this very place with a squadron from England. He had on board five thousand men, under the command of George Viscount Howe, as he was most commonly called."

"Then, Uncle Philip, the soldiers of the colonies had all these to aid them?"

"Yes; and Lord Loudoun, as soon as he heard of this arrival, sailed from New-York

with six thousand men, to join the troops in Halifax. And now, my young friends, before I go on, I wish to tell you something about a man named Parker."

"What is it, Uncle Philip?"

"This Colonel Parker was one of the Englishmen were was fighting against the French. So he started, with some of his men, in whale-boats, to attack the French guard at Ticonderoga. He landed at night on an island near them, and sent, before day, three boats to the mainland. These boats the French took; and what was still more unfortunate, they learned all the colonel's plans. So they hid three hundred men behind the point where the colonel intended to land, and placed their boats where he was to meet them. The colonel mistook these for his own boats, and made a hasty landing, expecting soon to surprise the guard. But he was very much surprised when he soon found himself surrounded by the enemy, and most of his men cut to pieces?"

"This misfortune of Colonel Parker gave General Montcalm very great pleasure; and he had heard, also, that Lord Loudoun had carried six thousand men from New-York: so he de-

terminated, in his absence, to make an attack upon Fort William Henry."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, General Montcalm must have been a great soldier. How he watched his advantages! Who was at Fort William Henry to protect it, sir?"

"Colonel Monroe, a very brave officer, was there, with three thousand men; and Montcalm came down against them with nine thousand soldiers; and on the very day that he came before the place, he demanded that they should surrender. But Colonel Monroe refused, and the French then commenced firing upon them, and this firing lasted for six days; then Monroe surrendered, for his ammunition was exhausted, and he could fight no longer. During the whole of this fighting, General Webb, who was stationed at Fort Edward, not more than fifteen miles distant, sent not even one man to assist poor Monroe."

"And was he able to send his men, sir? Did nothing prevent him from sending some of them?"

"Able! Surely he was."

"Then, Uncle Philip, was not his conduct base?"

“Indeed it was; and what made it worse was this: it was said, that Sir William Johnson, who was there with him, begged that he might go with some of the men to Colonel Monroe. After some time, he consented that Johnson should take as many as were willing to go. The drums were then beaten to call the soldiers together, and almost every man was anxious to march to Fort William Henry. After these men had been ready with their arms nearly all day, Johnson came to them, and told them that General Webb had said that they should not march.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, pray what kind of a man was this General Webb?”

“I cannot say, my lad; but one thing I know: these soldiers were some very sad, and others very angry, when they received his order; and as for poor Johnson, I have heard that he went to his tent and shed tears; for Sir William was thinking of the sufferings of Monroe and his poor men.”

“I hope, sir, that the French treated these men kindly after their surrender?”

“They promised to do so, but did not; for as some of the prisoners were marching out of the gate of the fort, the Indians dragged them

aside, robbed them of all that they had, and then murdered them. The fact is, children, this was a dreadful slaughter. I have read the account given by a man who was there shortly after the battle, and his story is a horrible one.

“He says that he arrived upon the shores of Lake George just as the French were moving off. He saw that the fort was destroyed, the buildings and houses were all in ruins, the cannons, and boats, and vessels were all carried away. The fire was still burning, and the smoke still rising. The ground was covered with fragments of skulls and bones; and carcasses half burnt were still broiling in the flames. He saw more than one hundred women lying on the ground dead. They had been stabbed, and their bodies cut open, and they were weltering in their blood. The throats of some were cut—others had their brains knocked out—and the heads of others were split open. Indeed, this man says that he had never before seen any thing half so awful.”

“Uncle Philip, that account makes my blood run cold. It is dreadful, sir!”

“And this was the work of the Indians, Uncle Philip.”

“Yes, this was the end of savage butchery.”

“Well, sir, I think that Montcalm did not behave well.”

“No, indeed. He acted very improperly; and this is one of the greatest stains upon his character. And this was the end of a third campaign against Canada.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, the English were indeed unfortunate. It seems to me that they were now worse off than ever.”

“Oh yes; for by taking Oswego the French had obtained complete possession of Lake Ontario; and by the capture of Fort William Henry they were now masters of Lake George. You know they also had Fort du Quesne; and that gave them command of the Ohio. And I think that the English would have fared much worse, had it not so happened that a very great man was at this time placed in office in England. This man was Mr. Pitt.”

“Ah, we have heard of him before, sir. He was a great friend to the Americans.”*

“Yes, and he became very popular in the colonies; for he promised that soldiers should be sent over from England to help them, and

* Conversations on Virginia.

advised that the colonies should raise as many men as they could; and said that he would supply all these men with arms, ammunition, boats, and any other thing which should be necessary. And this, I assure you, encouraged the colonies very much. They immediately commenced raising forces. Massachusetts promised to give seven thousand men, and Connecticut agreed to give five thousand more; New-Hampshire was to raise three thousand, and New-York nearly three thousand. You see, then, how they were getting on."

"Yes, yes, sir; and did Mr. Pitt keep his promise?"

"Yes, my lad; for Mr. Pitt was a man who always kept his word. An English fleet soon arrived at Halifax, with twelve thousand men on board, under their commander, General Amherst. And now these men, with the colonial troops, made quite a large army. As many, it is said, as fifty thousand men."

"Lord Loudoun had soldiers enough now, sir."

"But Lord Loudoun, children, had returned home after his two failures. General Abercrombie was now commander-in-chief of the army. Of course, the first thing to be done was to form some regular plan, before these soldiers could

be useful. So he determined upon one something like the others. Three attacks were to be made. One against Lewisburg, another against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the third against Fort du Quesne."

"I hope, at any rate, Uncle Philip, that this plan was not like the others in failing."

"Wait a moment. General Amherst started at once for Halifax, where some other soldiers joined him, and then sailed for Lewisburg. He immediately commenced his attack, and that place was soon surrendered.

"General Abercrombie started with an army of seventeen thousand men, and got as far as the shores of Lake George. Here he placed them on board more than nine hundred boats, and they sailed to the upper end of the lake, and appeared before Ticonderoga. He immediately commenced an attack, but met with great resistance; and in about four hours he was forced to move off. In that short time, boys, he had lost more than two thousand of his men. After this he went back to the head of Lake George. He was determined, however, that he would not be defeated altogether; so he sent a man, named Colonel Bradstreet, with three thousand men, to attack Fort Frontenac.

He thought that if this were successful, it would wipe off, in part, the disgrace of his misfortune. And it succeeded well; for there were only one hundred and ten men at that place, and they surrendered immediately.

“And now we will talk once more of an attack upon Fort du Quesne. General Forbes started from Philadelphia, and was joined by Colonel George Washington, with some Virginia soldiers; and as they marched on toward the fort, the Frenchmen (who had heard that they were coming) dropped down the Ohio river in boats and made their escape. You know they were very few in number, because some of their Indian friends had deserted them; and they were unwilling to fight.”

“Oh yes, sir, and I remember that George Washington was the first man who jumped into the fort and planted the English colours. And you said, too, that the English then changed the name to Pittsburgh, in honour of Mr. Pitt.”*

“True; so I did. You remember well.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, I could never forget that. I shall never hear of Fort du Quesne without thinking of the bones of poor Braddock’s sol-

* Conversations on Virginia.

diers, which were gathered together by Washington's men, and buried. And I always feel sad when I think of General Braddock."

"Then, Uncle Philip, every part of this plan succeeded except the expedition under General Abercrombie."

"Yes ; and the English were all delighted by this success, and anxious to carry on the war. So General Amherst was now made commander-in-chief instead of Abercrombie. In Europe, the British ships prevented any French vessels from coming to America to aid the Canadians, and this gave the colonists still greater advantages.

"And then, boys, at a place called Easton, in Pennsylvania, some of the colonists met a great number of Indians, and there made a treaty with them. It is said that five hundred Indians were present, and among these many Indian sachems. The white men gave them many presents as usual, and obtained from them promises not to aid the French. After this treaty, being still more encouraged, they determined upon another attempt upon Canada."

"Uncle Philip, the English were very resolute and steady in their attacks upon Canada. This was the fifth, was it not?"

“Yes; and this was to be a spirited attack, I assure you. I know, too, that you will be pleased when you hear all about it; for the party which was successful was the one which you like, Thomas.”

“Then, Uncle Philip, the English party must have conquered.”

“We will see. General Amherst started immediately for Ticonderoga with an army of twelve thousand men. As soon as he appeared before the place, the French deserted it; so it fell easily into his possession.”

“That was rapid work, sir.”

“I have better news still. These Frenchmen who deserted, went to Crown Point, and soon after left that place. So he sent some of his men there, and took this place also.”

“It seems to me, sir, that General Amherst always did his part well. He never failed.”

“He was a brave and resolute man, but others sometimes did well also. A man named General Prideaux, marched against Niagara, and the French fort there was also surrendered, although it cost the poor fellow his life. He had Sir William Johnson there to help him; and Sir William fought bravely here, as you know he always did elsewhere. Indeed, Pri-

deaux was killed in the early part of the battle ; and then Sir William took the command of his forces, and it was owing to him, I think, that Niagara was surrendered."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, I am pleased with him. He was the man who wept for Monroe's soldiers."

"Well, I will tell you of another man that you will like quite as well, for he was fully as brave. I mean General Wolfe."

"O, I have heard of him, sir : he was the brave English officer who died at Quebec."

"True ; perhaps I have mentioned him before. But now I am about to talk to you of the battle in which he died. He sailed from Lewisburg to Quebec, with an army of eight thousand men, and landed them on Orleans, an island in the St. Lawrence. If you will look on the map, you will see this island just below the city. Quebec was a very strongly fortified place, and there was a numerous army of French soldiers there, commanded by a very bold French general. This was General Montcalm."

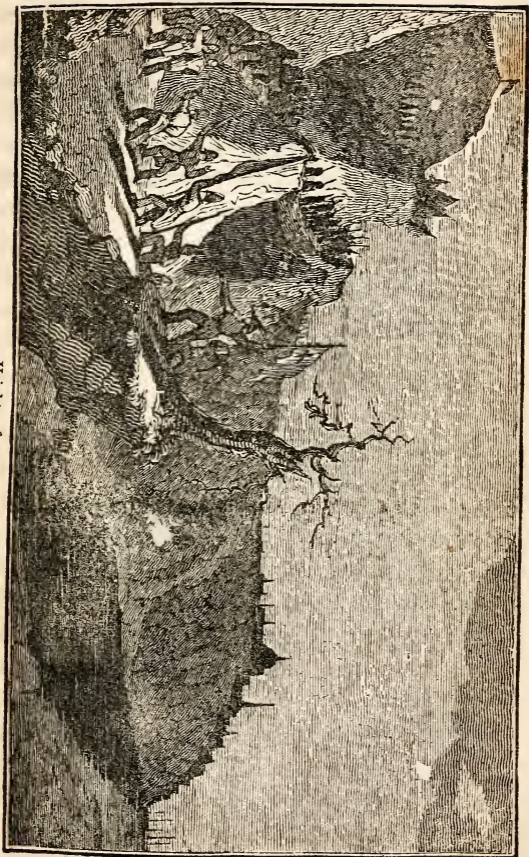
"Uncle Philip, I am glad that these two men met ; for they were both great men."

"Indeed they were. After remaining at Orleans for a short time, General Wolfe attempted to land with some of his men in the upper part

of the city; but Montcalm watched him so closely that he was unable to do this. He then went back to the island, and there formed another plan. He sent some of his men to a place called Point Levi, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and immediately opposite to Quebec. His men erected a battery at this point, and commenced firing upon the city. But this did very little injury. It only destroyed a few houses, and the English, being disappointed, left the spot. And I have heard, boys, that after this, Wolfe was sick; and that on his sick bed he thought of the very bold plan of which I am now about to speak.

“Quebec, I said, was strongly guarded. It stands, you will see, upon the north shore of the river, and a high ridge of rocks is just back of it upon the shore. This side of the city, therefore, was supposed to be protected without any soldiers; for Montcalm thought that no one could enter the city by climbing up such a rough and steep height. To make himself perfectly secure however, he had sent a Frenchman, named Bougainville, with fifteen hundred men, above the city, to watch the English there, and prevent them from landing. Would you not have supposed, now, that every thing was safe?”

Heights of Abraham.





“It seems so, sir.”

“Montcalm thought so also, but Wolfe determined to try his plan. So at midnight, he, with his troops, got into boats and silently dropped down the river, expecting to land at a place some distance above Quebec, and then march into the city. But the current of the river was running strong against him, and he reached a spot only a mile above the city. And now he had to move in silence down the rapid stream, in the darkness of midnight, and upon a rough shore; and yet, children, he was not discouraged. He moved on as quietly as possible, but still the French sentinels which Bougainville had placed along the shore, heard him.”

“And did they speak to him, sir?”

“Yes, certainly. They were placed there for the purpose of hailing any person who might pass them. That, you know, is a sentinel’s duty. One of these sentinels cried out to him in the French language.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, but you will tell us the meaning of what he said. Give it to us in English, if you please.”

“He cried out, ‘*who goes there?*’ There was a man among Wolfe’s soldiers who understood the French language; and he answered, ‘*the*

French. The sentinel then asked, '*to what regiment do you belong?*' The Englishman answered, '*the Queen's;*' for he happened to know that one of Bougainville's regiments was called the Queen's regiment. The sentinel then told them '*to pass;*' for he supposed that it was a supply of provisions coming down the river for the French.

"But one of the Frenchmen, who was a little suspicious, ran down to the shore and cried out, '*why do you not speak louder?*' Then the Englishman again replied, '*hush, we shall be overheard and discovered.*'"

"How fortunate it was, Uncle Philip, that the Englishman understood French. And was that last Frenchman satisfied, sir?"

"Yes, and the boats passed on; the army landed, and about one hour before day the men began to climb up the shore. They clambered up these heights, children, until they reached the top, which is said to be near two hundred feet from the water. Just about daylight, Wolfe drew his men up in order upon the top of the heights, which was called the Plains of Abraham, and was then ready for battle."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was a great action. How Montcalm must have been surprised!"

“Yes; for he supposed that no man could climb that shore. That was indeed a steep height; and it was wonderful, truly, that Wolfe should have attempted to climb it. But perseverance and resolution can do almost any thing. Montcalm, as you say, was much surprised—and that shows what an undertaking it was; for Montcalm himself was a great soldier, and would have attempted any thing. Ah, boys, Wolfe’s name and the Heights of Abraham will ever be remembered together. As soon as Montcalm heard that the English had done this, he came forward with his army to meet them. The battle commenced between nine and ten o’clock; the two armies were nearly equal in numbers, and they fought desperately. General Montcalm was on the left side of the French army, while Wolfe was on the right of the English; and so these two brave men met face to face.”

“How they must have felt when they saw each other, Uncle Philip!”

“Yes, yes; they felt like soldiers, and also fought like soldiers. Wolfe received a shot in his arm, but he would not leave the field; he wrapped his handkerchief around it, and continued to urge his men onward. Soon after,

he received another ball, and this wound ~~was~~ much more severe than the first. Still he concealed it, and was dashing on at the head of his men, when a third bullet struck him in the breast. And now this brave man was at length carried off the field by some of his men; but he was even unwilling to go then, and begged to remain, that he might do his duty."

"Why, Uncle Philip, the poor fellow was disabled, and he could never have fought if he had remained there."

"But, my young friends, you must remember one thing—A brave soldier always thinks he can fight. While life lasts, he thinks that his powers are not gone. I have heard of soldiers who have fallen wounded in battle, and fought as they were prostrate upon the ground."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip, and so have I; for I have heard William Woods say, that his father, who fought in our revolutionary war against the British, was in the battle at Germantown; and he was wounded there and fell to the ground; and a British soldier, thinking he was dead, came to him to take his gun from him, when old Mr. Woods shot him dead upon the spot."

“Yes, yes, my lad, that is all true; for I know old Mr. Woods well, and I have heard him tell that story often: and, indeed, I have seen the gun with which he shot the Englishman; for the old man thought a great deal of that gun, and used to show it to every person who visited him. But let us now hurry on with our subject.

“General Monckton supplied Wolfe’s place as commander of the English, and led them on; but he also was badly wounded almost immediately, and his men carried him away. Then General Townshend, another brave Englishman, took the command; and he, too, rushed on with the men.”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, where was General Montcalm?”

“In the midst of the battle, in front of his own soldiers. He, poor fellow, received a wound also, and was moved from the field. Ah, my children, this battle was bloody work. Poor Wolfe, you know, died before the battle was finished.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; and I remember, when he was dying, he heard some one cry out, ‘*they run, they run.*’ And he opened his eyes and asked, ‘*who runs?*’ And when they told

him it was the French army, he fell back and said that he died contented."

"Yes, poor fellow ; he was at that instant leaning upon the shoulder of one of his lieutenants, who was kneeling to support him. He died like a soldier. And Montcalm, also, heard that same cry, '*they run.*' And when they told him that it was the French army running, he rejoiced that he was dying, and cried out, '*It is so much the better ; I shall not then live to see the surrender of Quebec.*' Ah, my young friends, these were two as brave soldiers, I think, as ever met in battle. And we must not forget that their armies were also brave, and fought furiously, for six hundred Englishmen fell on that day.

"Uncle Philip, where was that Frenchman, Bougainville, all this time ?"

"When he heard that the English had climbed up the heights of Abraham, he started at once, with all his men, to aid Montcalm ; but, upon coming near, he retired, and did not join in the battle. And then, my children, Quebec was surrendered by the French to General Townshend."

CONVERSATION XIX.

Uncle Philip talks about the Surrender of Canada to the English—Speaks of the Disputes between New-York and New Hampshire, about Boundary Lines—Passage of the Stamp Act in England—The dissatisfaction it produces in America—How it is received in New-York—First Colonial Congress held in New-York city—Talks of the English Governors, Moore, Colden, Dunmore, and Tryon—Congress of 1774 held in Philadelphia—Speaks of the Battle of Lexington.

“Good morning, Uncle Philip. Will you tell me who was governor of Canada while those battles, which you spoke of yesterday, were going on? I was wondering, last night, why I had heard nothing about him, and was thinking that he must have been of very little service to the people in Canada, or I should have heard of him.”

“There you was wrong. The Marquis de Vaudreuil were the governor, and he was not a useless man. During a part of his time, he was very actively employed.”

“And, sir, that reminds me to ask who was the English governor when that battle was

fought at Quebec? In talking about this war, I had forgotten him also."

"I think I have told you that Mr. Delancey was lieutenant-governor again, after Sir Charles Hardy left the country. And after Mr. Delancey's death, Mr. Colden ruled the colony: so he was the governor at that time."

"And did the French governor make no attempt to take Quebec back again from the English?"

"Oh yes, one of his generals did. M. de Levi made an attempt. Did I say any thing to you, yesterday, about General Murray?"

"No, sir. What have you to tell us about him?"

"Nothing, except that he was the man who was left with five thousand men at Quebec, by General Townshend; and he, of course, had to meet the French. M. de Levi, with a considerable army, came toward Quebec to make an attack. And how many men, do you suppose, were there to meet him?"

"You said that Murray had five thousand, sir."

"True; but sickness and severe weather together had brought this number down to three thousand. So Murray thought that it would

be best not to wait for the French to attack him, but for him to go out and meet them. And he did go out from the city, and met them, and fought bravely; but was forced to retreat in a short time, for he lost nearly one thousand men. The French general immediately perceived his advantage, and followed him on closely to the city, determined to make the most of his victory. He caused his men to dig trenches before the town that same evening, that he might fix his cannons, and fire upon the city. But, fortunately for General Murray, the cannons were so heavy, that they did not arrive in twelve days; so the Frenchmen, although prepared in other particulars to take the city, had no cannons."

"That was very fortunate, sir."

"Indeed it was; for this delay gave General Murray time to open his batteries from the city; and he commenced a heavy fire upon these Frenchmen, but still they were not to be driven back easily. Fortunately, however, an English fleet arrived just at this time, and the Frenchmen then became frightened, and hurried to Montreal."

"I wonder, sir, that the English did not think of attacking Montreal."

“ They did think of it now, for this was almost the only place left to the French in Canada. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was there, and he had gathered around him all the strength of the French, by calling in all the soldiers to protect that spot. General Amherst, however, was resolved to take it, if possible; so he started with ten thousand men against it. Besides this, he ordered General Murray to meet him there with his English army; and a man called Colonel Haviland, to join him with another body of soldiers. On the very day when Amherst drew up his men on a plain before Montreal, some vessels were seen below the town coming up. These vessels brought Murray with his men. Haviland arrived almost immediately after; so Montreal, my lads, was soon surrounded by a large number of English soldiers. And then the French governor offered to surrender; for, you know, it was useless for him to endeavour to fight against such a force.”

“ And so Montreal was surrendered, also?”

“ Yes; and this, as well as all the other places in Canada, now became the property of the English. And a treaty of peace between France and England was signed at Paris, in the year 1762. And, my young friends, there

was great joy, I assure you, when this war was ended. The people in England were pleased that it was finished, for war was no pleasant thing to any nation : and, besides this, they felt proud of having gained so many battles over the French. And, perhaps, my lads, they had a right to feel proud of their success, for the English soldiers had fought bravely ; as English soldiers, indeed, always do. And France, too, had been so very ambitious, and had laboured so hard to drive the English out of America ; and when that could not be done, an attempt was made, you know, to keep them down upon the coast, and not allow them to extend their possessions ? But, if the people in England rejoiced, I am quite sure that those in America rejoiced more, for this French war had been a bloody war to them ; for old men, women, and young children—indeed, people of all ages, had been murdered in this country by the Indians who aided the French. I will talk more fully to you of some of these murders at another time, that you may understand the sufferings of some of the people. It is difficult to read the stories about some little children who suffered in this war without shedding tears.

“And I should have told you another cause of rejoicing with the English. It was, that this treaty, which they had made with France, was so favourable to their nation ; for, by this treaty, the French gave up to the English all the conquests which they had made upon the continent of North America. The river Mississippi was to be the boundary line between the possessions of France and Great Britain ; and France gave up all the possessions upon the east side of that river, except the island of New-Orleans. Was not that a fine treaty on the part of the English nation ?”

“I think it was, indeed, sir ; for the English obtained, it seems, the finest part of the country.”

“Yes, that is true.”

“And, I suppose, Uncle Philip, that the people in New-York were more pleased than any others, because the French in Canada were so near and so dangerous to them.”

“That is true, also. After this peace was made with France, I do not remember that the citizens of New-York had much trouble for some years. No, my lads, I am wrong ; for about this time I recollect there was a very warm dispute between the states of New-York

and New-Hampshire about their boundary lines. I must tell you something of this now, though. I am afraid it will not interest you much. Still, it is necessary that you should hear something about it; and, hereafter, when we talk of the history of the state of New-Hampshire, we shall learn all about this business."

"Go on—go on, Uncle Philip; let us hear, if you please."

"This dispute commenced in 1763; and the two states were quarrelling about the land between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain."

"Why, Uncle Philip, that must have belonged to neither of them, I think; for the land is in the state of Vermont."

"Yes; but Vermont was not then settled. There was at that time no such state as Vermont. You will remember, perhaps, that a grant was made by King Charles the Second to his brother, the Duke of York; and in that grant he gave him 'all the lands from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware Bay?'"

"Oh yes, sir; I remember that well. New-York city was named after that Duke of York."

"You are correct. Well, the citizens of

New-York thought that this grant gave them a title to the land. But the people of New-Hampshire supposed that the land belonged to them: and many of the citizens of that state had been allowed to go beyond the Connecticut river, and settle within twenty miles of the Hudson.

“But Mr. Colden, the lieutenant-governor of New-York, determined to put a stop to this; so he published his proclamation, in which he laid claim to all the land as far as the Connecticut river, and endeavoured to frighten some of those citizens who had settled near the Hudson. But the Governor of New-Hampshire was resolved to support his men, also; for he published another proclamation, claiming the land for the state of New-Hampshire: he told his men, also, to cultivate their lands, and not to be frightened by the threats of Mr. Colden.”

“And what was done now, sir? for I think, Uncle Philip, that both these governors seem to have taken a bold stand.”

“Why, it was decided in England, that New-Hampshire was wrong; and the western bank of the Connecticut river was pronounced to be the boundary line: and then Mr. Colden, of course, undertook to govern that part of the country. But he met with very violent oppo-

sition from some of the people ; they joined together in mobs, for the purpose of preventing him from ruling them. And I wish you to remember that two men, one named Ethan Allen, the other Seth Warner, were the most determined men in their opposition to the New-York claims in this business. Indeed, these were both distinguished men, and we may perhaps often hear of them again. But they were so very violent in this business, that the Governor of New-York at length offered a reward to any man who would take these two men, with six others, whom he thought quite as bad as they were.

“ But now I must tell you of one circumstance which caused both the parties to be more angry than before. There was a courthouse at a place called Westminster, in New-Hampshire. The time had come for the court to meet ; but some of the people who lived in this town went to the courthouse very early, and took possession of it, to prevent the judges and other officers from coming in.

“ So, when the judges came, they found that they could not enter, and went away. But in the night, some of the officers went to the

courthouse armed, and demanded that the door should be opened. The men who were inside refused to let them in, and then some of the officers fired upon them. One man was killed, and several were wounded.

“This murder caused the people to be very angry; and, on the next day, large crowds assembled. They declared that the man was murdered; some of the officers were seized, and carried to jail. But these officers were allowed by the chief justice of New-York to come out of prison. And this, my lads, as you may suppose, caused the citizens of New-Hampshire to be still more dissatisfied. Many of the people soon after met at Westminster, and passed a very bold resolution there, I assure you, about the government of New-York. Wait one moment, and I will endeavour to find it, and read it for you.”

“Thank you, Uncle Philip.”

“Here it is.—‘*It is the duty of the inhabitants wholly to renounce and resist the administration of the government of New-York, until such time as their lives and property can be secured by it; or, until they can have opportunity to lay their grievances before the king.*

with a petition to be annexed to some other government, or erected into a new one, as may appear best for the inhabitants.’”

“Uncle Philip, that sounds bold ; but I do not exactly understand it. What is the meaning of ‘*annexed to another government?*’”

“It means, added or joined to another government. Do you understand now ?”

“Oh yes, sir ; and I only wanted to know the meaning of that one word—the rest is all plain to me.”

“Well, my children, you see here how matters stood ; and I believe that the troubles would have been much greater between the people of these states, had not something occurred at this time which caused them to forget for a little time all their unkind feelings : something, my children, which concerned them more than this boundary line. I refer to the battle at Lexington, of which you have heard before. This was the commencement of a long war ; and all Americans, like good citizens, forgot their own troubles, to fight against England for the good of the whole country. But, as I am beginning to talk of the war, I must go back a little, for I am travelling on too rapidly. You all remember the Stamp Act which was passed

in England ; that it was the work of a man named Lord Grenville, and that he introduced the bill for this law into the English parliament ? And you all know, too, what the stamp act was ?”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip ; and I remember it was passed in the year 1765.”

“ Yes ; and you remember, perhaps, the dissatisfaction which it produced in the colonies ; for you know a congress of many of the people met in New-York during that same year, to talk about this stamp act, and to determine upon what was to be done. Men were sent to that congress from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina ; and Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, was made president of the meeting.”

“ I know all that, sir ; for this was the first *Colonial Congress*. And this congress sent a petition to the king and parliament, requesting that the stamp act might be repealed ; and Mr. Pitt made a speech in favour of the Americans, and it was repealed.”*

“ Very good—very good, indeed. You have listened to me heretofore, William, to some purpose. But let me tell you, my children, how

* See Conversations on Virginia.

this act was received in New-York. When this stamp act reached that place, the people there called it nothing but '*the folly of England and the ruin of America.*' And when the stamp papers arrived, they were still more angry. A man by the name of M'Euers, was to have distributed the paper; but he became alarmed, and refused to do so. Then the lieutenant-governor, Mr. Colden, took them into his possession to secure them."

"And this only caused them to hate him, I suppose, sir?"

"That was all. For on the first day of November, when the stamp act was to begin to take effect, many of the people being offended with Mr. Colden, met together, and went to the walls of the fort. They then broke open the lieutenant-governor's stable, and took out his coach; and after dragging it through most of the streets of the city, they at length brought it to a public place, where they had erected a gallows. And upon this gallows they hung Mr. Colden in effigy."

"Stay a moment, if you please, Uncle Philip. What do you mean by hanging him in effigy?"

"Making a picture or an image like him,

and hanging the picture up. They hung this effigy, too, my lads, with a stamp bill in one hand and a figure of the devil in the other."

"That meant, I suppose, that the stamp act was as bad as the devil."

"I suppose so. After this they took the gallows and the image down, and went with these, and the coach, to the gate of the fort. From this spot they went to the Bowling Green; then made a large fire, and burned all these articles before a great crowd of people. They then went to the house of a man called Major James, who was known to be friendly to the stamp act; seized all his furniture, and set fire to the whole of it."

"Uncle Philip, do you think such conduct was right?"

"It was not exactly proper, children; but I think that the Americans were not so much to be blamed as the English; for if the stamp act had never passed, I do not think we should have then heard of this strange treatment towards Mr. Colden. This act was unjustifiable; and the man, or the country, which begins a dispute, is to be blamed for almost all that follows. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, sir."

"I can make it plainer. Suppose that some man was to try to defraud, or cheat you: and when he found that he could not do that, because you discovered his cunning, suppose he should endeavour to force you to submit to his fraud; what would you do then?"

"Why, Uncle Philip, I should certainly attempt to resist his force; but I would resist him peaceably, if I could."

"That is all very right; but perhaps you would be compelled to resist him violently: then, if in resisting him he should be injured very much, who should be blamed?"

"Why, surely, the man who first gave rise to the quarrel by trying to cheat me."

"Certainly, Thomas: and no person would ever think of blaming you; for you would have injured the man only in self-defence; nothing more. But you will notice, I hope, boys, that I do not mean to encourage fighting among men or children. I think it is an unchristian and ungentlemanlike practice, except when a man is driven to it from self-defence. Now, my young friends, I think it was much in this way with that stamp act: Americans were forced to resist it, and I cannot say I blame them, although, perhaps, they sometimes acted very violently.

In settling what party is right or wrong in any matter, you must always inquire what party has justice upon its side. That is the first question to be settled. And this reminds me of a short story which I read when I was quite a boy, as some of you now are.

“Two men were once driving their wagons upon the same road, though they were both travelling different ways. The road upon which they were moving, was, in some places, quite narrow. Now, it so happened, that as the night was dark, these two men met each other suddenly upon the road, and neither could pass until the other was pleased to make room. One of the men was very strong; and after commanding the other once or twice to give way, he threatened to beat him if he did not move out of the road. The other man answered by telling him that it was necessary one of them should give way, for neither of them could pass until something was done; but stated that it was impossible for him to turn out without throwing himself and his horses over a precipice by the side of the road. This did not satisfy the other man, so he commenced beating his neighbour; and at length the fight became very severe, and the strong man came near being

killed. Now, afterward, when this quarrel was brought before the judge, what do you think he said ?”

“I cannot say, Uncle Philip; but I suppose he decided against the strong man, who was so ready for fighting. I should like to know, sir, what he did say.”

“You are right; he decided against the strong man, because, he said, the other had justice on his side; for it was very unreasonable in one man to ask another to break his neck for his convenience. And, besides this, boys, he made a law to prevent any farther difficulties of this sort; for you know laws are made for the sake of keeping the peace. He made this law, therefore; ‘that when two parties meet upon a road, each party should keep to the right, and then both would know their places.’ Justice, therefore, my children, is always the first thing to be looked for in settling a difficulty: and I think, when we look for the justice between our own country and Great Britain in this business, we can readily find out which party was right, for that stamp act was unjust. But now let us hurry on with our history; for I fear I am becoming tiresome to some of you.

“On the next morning after these fires, a

paper was drawn up by some men who were in favour of the stamp act, and read aloud to the people, persuading them to put down such riots and mobs in future. But great crowds of people refused to do this, and said, that the work of the day before, was not that of a mob, but of men disposed to resist oppression. There was one very bold man who spoke to the people—his name was Captain Sears.—He said that the paper had been read to prevent them from getting possession of the stamped papers. And he declared that those stamped papers should be seized in less than twenty-four hours.”

“Captain Sears is the man for me, Uncle Philip. I like him.”

“And the people who listened to him were pleased with him also. In the evening, some of these men again assembled, and demanded the stamps from the lieutenant-governor. But he said that he had nothing to do with the stamps, but should leave it to Sir Henry Moore to do with them as he pleased when he arrived. Now, Sir Henry Moore was the new governor who was coming over to rule the colony.”

“And did this satisfy them, sir?”

“No, no; they attempted to take them by force, but did not succeed; for the paper was

carried to the City Hall and placed there. But I will tell you what they did succeed in. Some boxes of stamps which arrived some time after this, were taken by the people and burned. And now I must tell you another fact, which will cause you to like Captain Sears still more.

“In order that all the colonies might be able to resist this law together, and understand each other perfectly well, it would be necessary, you know, that some plan should be formed to send messages to each other.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, that is all clear.”

“Therefore, a number of men were to be chosen in New-York who could be trusted with the important duty of giving information to the other colonies. They were to write letters to different parts of the country, and let the citizens throughout America know what the people in New-York were doing about the approaching war. Now this was a very dangerous office to the men who should accept it, because, you know, they would immediately be called rebels, and, if taken by the English, punished severely: yes, they would run the risk of losing their lives. There was, therefore, great diffi-

culty in finding men willing to serve in this business."

"Why, Uncle Philip, where was all their patriotism? I should have thought some would have been proud to serve. Where was Captain Sears, sir? Was he afraid of serving his country, because there was danger in aiding her?"

"No, no, boys; he was not alarmed; and if he had been, I think he would have served; for I will tell you what he frequently used to say to cowardly men who were unwilling to face danger in the cause of their country. 'If your cause be good, be willing to die for it, rather than fight against justice. If there be no danger, no trouble in doing your duty, then I do not think you deserve praise for doing it.' Ah, my young friends, that man, Sears, was a bold man, and he knew the meaning of the word *patriotism*. He, therefore, was willing to serve as one of these men. So he was chosen with four others, to write letters to the other colonies. And the best part of his courage was this: when all others, as I said, were frightened, these five men offered themselves boldly and willingly for this service; and they then agreed

among themselves to sign their names to all the letters which should be written. The citizens of Philadelphia were requested to send forward any letters which might be sent to them from New-York for the people of the southern states; and the good citizens of Boston promised to send to the different parts of New-England all such letters as should be sent from New-York for that part of the country.

“Not long after this, Sir Henry Moore, the new governor, arrived. He did very little for the relief of the people; but, as one of you stated a little while ago, the stamp act was repealed, and it was done shortly after he reached the country.”

“And I know, Uncle Philip, that the news of that repeal caused great joy among Americans.”

“Yes, but their joy did not last long; for you will remember, that the law to tax glass, tea, and some other things which should come to America, was passed very soon after the other was repealed. And there was, also, a law passed in England, to force the colonies to support English troops in America. And I will tell you what reception this law about the troops met with in New-York. The citizens

there positively refused to submit to it; and then another law was made in England, taking away the powers of the assembly of the New-York colony until the members should consent to obey the law."

"Well, Uncle Philip, this was a most cruel law: for it seems to me, that the law about supporting the troops was just asking Americans to keep British soldiers in their own country to fight against them."

"Yes, truly, it does seem so. And, indeed, all the colonists thought so; for they began at this time to be still more alarmed by these oppressions of Great Britain, and to think more seriously of protecting themselves."

"And I have heard, Uncle Philip, that when that law about the tea was made, many Americans determined not to bring any more of these articles from England into America. Is this true, sir?"

"Yes, yes; and now tell me, my children, if you remember any thing about the Earl of Dunmore?"

"Surely, sir: he was the base Governor of Virginia, who armed the negroes against the Americans."*

* See Conversations on Virginia.

“Yes, he is the man of whom I speak; and I mention him here, because he was governor of the colony of New-York about this time (that is, in the year 1770).”

“I know—I know, sir; and he went from New-York to be Governor of Virginia.”

“You are right, my lad; and I wish you to bear in mind that this Lord Dunmore was almost as bad a governor in this state as he was in Virginia; only, fortunately for the state, he did not remain in it so long. He was governor here only for one year, for another man, Sir William Tryon, became governor in the year 1771.”

“It seems to me that I have heard of him before: have I not, Uncle Philip?”

“No; I think you are in error. At any rate, you did not hear of him from me. But I can now tell you something about him. He employed himself very busily in trying to settle the difficulties between New-York and New-Hampshire, but did not succeed; and, afterward, when the dispute between the American colonies and Great Britain became warmer, this man became very odious to the people in New-York. and was forced to leave the city, and take refuge in a ship in the harbour. And,

when the war broke out, he took up arms against the Americans, and injured them as much as lay in his power. He had been governor, my lads, for several years in North Carolina before he came to this state, and the people there, also, disliked him very much. In fact, I never saw either an Englishman or American who thought highly of Governor Tryon, for he was a very base man."

"Well, Uncle Philip, you remember you told us something about the American Congress which met in Philadelphia, in the year 1774, where there were so many great men. I wish to know if any great men were in that congress from New-York?"

"Yes, yes; there were two very distinguished men there from this state. Mr. Jay and Mr. Livingston were the men. And I will now tell you what I did not say before about this congress. The members published what they called their '*declaration of rights*,' in which they declare that they claim to be free as well as their fellow-subjects of Great Britain. And I can tell you something farther still about this business. Those two citizens of New-York, Mr. Jay and Mr. Livingston, together with a man named Lee, wrote that declaration."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, and that is the reason for your mentioning those facts here."

"Yes, I mention them because the declaration does credit to the congress which supported it, and because citizens of our own state wrote it."

"What a number of great men were in that congress, sir Uncle Philip, our ancestors were noble men!"

"True, boys, true; and remember that, so that you may never disgrace them."

"Did you ever see that '*declaration of rights*,' sir?"

"Yes; I have it, and read it often with great pleasure. I will find the book in which it is printed, and read some parts of it to you; for you cannot now understand the whole of it. But when you are older, I wish you all to read it closely. If that declaration does as much for you as it has done for Uncle Philip, it will cause you to love the land in which you were all born, more and more earnestly, the longer you live. For who, boys, would not be attached to his country and the great men of his country? When he remembers, too, that his home was bought with the blood of his ancestors, who fought not *rashly and madly*, but with

firmness and resolution, he may well love it. Read, then, this declaration, and you will see *firmness and resolution*. Here are some parts of it. Listen.

“ ‘When a nation, led to greatness by the hand of liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity, can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for s'avery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.’ ”

“Uncle Philip, they are speaking of Great Britain, are they not?”

“Yes; let me read on. ‘We claim to be free, as well as our fellow-subjects of Great Britain; and are not the proprietors of the soil of Great Britain lords of their own property? Can it be taken from them without their consent? Will they yield it to the arbitrary disposal of any man or number of men whatever? You know they will not.’

“ ‘Why, then, are the proprietors of the soil of America less lords of their property than you are of yours; or why should they submit

to the disposal of your parliament, or any other parliament or council in the world, not of their election? Can the sea that divides us cause disparity in rights, or can any reason be given why English subjects, who live three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who are three hundred miles distant from it?

“We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour. Your royal authority over us, and our connexion with Great Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavour to support and maintain.”

“And, indeed, my children, I might go on reading many passages from this declaration; all breathing the same spirit of firm independence. But, perhaps, in doing so I might tire you, and some of the smallest of you might not know the meaning of it all. I have, therefore, read what I thought would be plain, and I hope you understand it?”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; we understand all that you read, and thank you very much for reading it. And now, will you tell us, sir, what effect this declaration produced?”

“The people in England thought that it was insolent; but the people in America were delighted. And I will tell you what farther unkind treatment the Americans received from the English. Early in the year 1775, laws were made in Great Britain for restraining the trade of New-England and the southern colonies. But all the colonies were not treated alike; for in this very law the colonies of New-York, North Carolina, and Delaware, were excepted from the restraint.”

“That was strange, Uncle Philip. What was the meaning of these exceptions?”

“It is very plain, I think. The people in England were anxious to produce disunion among the colonies; for they found that they were disposed to join together, and that would have made them more dangerous as enemies.”

“Yes, yes; I wonder I did not think of that.”

“But, my lads, those colonies which were excepted refused to receive the favour, and agreed that if the other colonies submitted to the restraints, they would submit also.”

“I like that, sir.”

“Yes; that was well done on the part of these colonies. But what looked very bad was this: when all were expecting a war with

England, and raising soldiers and money to meet the danger, still New-York and New-Hampshire found time to quarrel about their boundary line, of which dispute I have already spoken. And I have also told you that, while they were disputing, the battle of Lexington was fought in Massachusetts, and all parties forgot their own disputes to guard then the safety of the country. For, my lads, one battle convinced all the citizens of America that they were to fight hard for their liberty."

CONVERSATION XX.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen—Surrender of Crown Point to Seth Warner—Meeting of the second Continental Congress in May, 1775—Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army—Talks of the Capture of St. Johns and Montreal by Richard Montgomery—Talks of the Siege of Quebec, where Montgomery was killed and Arnold wounded—Talks of General Lee, General Thomas, and General Sullivan—The Americans are forced to leave Canada—Tells the names of the Delegates from New-York who signed the Declaration of Independence which was adopted on the 4th of July, 1776.

“THE battle of Lexington was fought in the month of April, in the year 1775; and, as I have before stated, the news of this battle caused Americans to be very much provoked. The people in New-York took up arms, but there were some who were unwilling to fight against the English.”

“Is it possible, sir?”

“Yes, and I do not wonder at this. Many of them were descendants of Englishmen, and looked upon England as the mother country;

and some supposed that she had a right to tax America. In fact, my young friends, I do not think that our countrymen were anxious to rush into that war; for we find that they bore a great deal for a long time, and *suffered* until their *suffering any longer* would have been disgraceful."

"Uncle Philip, do you suppose they were afraid of the English?"

"No, my lad, I do not; though they well might have been, for England was an old country, and had soldiers and money, while America had very few soldiers and very little money. Still, I do not think that our countrymen were frightened, but I believe that they were attached to Great Britain, because they were accustomed to her laws, and had been protected by her; and it is my opinion, that they would have rejoiced to have been colonies to England, if they had only possessed *equal rights* with Englishmen. But when this one battle was fought, there was no time for them to hesitate, for it became necessary for them to protect themselves.

"After this battle, therefore, most of the citizens of New-York city became very violent; indeed, they were so very violent, that a com-

mittee of one hundred persons was appointed to keep the peace. And this committee sent a very bold address to the people in the city of London, declaring that they would never submit to the oppressive cruelty of the British government. I remember one part of this address. They say, '*They speak the real sentiments of the confederated colonies on the continent, from Nova Scotia to Georgia, when they declare that all the horrors of a civil war will never compel America to submit to taxation by authority of parliament.*'

"And, on the next day, a paper was signed by more than a thousand citizens, who lived in the city and the neighbouring country, in which paper they declared that they were determined to resist the English tyranny, and to rely upon the conduct of the continental Congress.

"The people in New-England, also, became very much excited; and they resolved to make an attack upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Three men (Deane, Wooster, and Parsons, were their names) determined to take these places by surprise. They started from Connecticut with forty men, and went to the town of Bennington, which, you know, is in Vermont. Here they met Ethan Allen, and pro-

posed to him to raise men for the expedition."

"And what did he say, sir?"

"Oh, he said that he would do it, and agreed to meet them with a sufficient number of men at a place called Castleton, also in Vermont. At this place two hundred and seventy men met, and there Allen was joined, also, by Colonel Arnold, a very brave man, with some Massachusetts soldiers under his command. He had been ordered from Massachusetts upon this same expedition. So these two men, with their soldiers, went to Lake Champlain, crossed the lake with part of their forces without being discovered, entered the fort at Ticonderoga, and it was almost immediately taken."

"That was by surprise, sir."

"Yes; and then Seth Warner was sent to take possession of Crown Point, and this place surrendered. Look on the map. Do you see Whitehall farther down. This place was also taken by a party of men from Connecticut."

"Well, Uncle Philip, if Allen and Warner did make a disturbance about the New-Hampshire boundaries, they seem to have been good soldiers when they came into the field."

"Indeed they were. Few men were more

firm than Ethan Allen when he placed himself at the head of his '*Green Mountain boys*,' as he used to call his New-Hampshire soldiers. I must tell you what he said when he went to Ticonderoga. When he reached the fort, he demanded the surrender of it. '*By what authority do you demand it?*' asked De la Place, who was commanding it. '*I demand it,*' said Allen, '*in the name of the great Jehovah and the continental Congress.*' And so this place was also taken, and the Americans lost not one man."

"But did they gain much by taking these places?"

"Yes; they found large supplies of military stores, which were very valuable to them. And now we will talk of another expedition. Did I tell you any thing about the second continental Congress?"

"No, sir."

"This congress met in Philadelphia, in the month of May, 1775; and was also made up of very great men. Members were sent from New-York to that congress; and I must tell you a story which I have read about this.

"The second congress was talked of long before it met, and men were chosen to go to it

from different parts of the country. But the legislature of New-York refused to send any men then."

"But there were men from this state there, you said, sir."

"Let me tell you. After the legislature refused, the people met in a convention in the city of New-York, and there chose their own men for this purpose. And these men were authorized to make such plans with the members from the other colonies as should be for the general good; and it is the strange way in which these men were chosen that I am now going to speak about.

"When the citizens all met, some were in favour of sending men to the congress, and some were opposed to it. So there was great confusion, and a loud cry was raised, '*congress, or no congress?*' Those who were opposed to the congress were not very peaceable, but began to beat the others. But, after a short time, two or three of those who had gone there to choose members, went to a cooper's yard which was near, and got a number of hoop sticks, which they gave to their companions, and soon drove the others from the ground."

“ Well, Uncle Philip, I am glad of that, for those fellows had no business at the meeting.”

“ We will not talk of that now : but we will bear in mind that the members were chosen, and sent to congress. This congress, too, boys, looked closely to the interests of the colonies, for the members knew that war had begun, and that, in order to defend themselves, they must have a general over their armies; and they therefore appointed one. Do you know who it was ?”

“ To be sure I do, Uncle Philip. Was it not George Washington ?”

“ Yes. Washington was a member of the congress when he received this appointment, and he immediately went to Massachusetts, and was there busy in getting his army together, when an expedition was planned against Canada. The command of it was given to General Schuyler and General Montgomery.”

“ Not the Schuyler who was such a friend to the Indians ?”

“ No, not the same. You know he could not have been the same individual, he would have been so old. But he was a descendant of that Schuyler who went to Queen Anne

with the savages; and he was also a friend to the Indians.

“But Schuyler had not much to do in this campaign. He was taken sick, so that the command fell upon Montgomery; and it could not have fallen upon a better man, as we shall see. He started with his men from Ticonderoga up Lake Champlain, soon appeared before St. Johns, and that place surrendered, and he made about seven hundred prisoners of war. General Carlton, who was at that time Governor of Canada, was at Montreal when this attack was made, and he tried hard to reach St. Johns, with some of his men; but Colonel Warner, who was watching them closely, attacked them as they endeavoured to cross the St. Lawrence, and so Carlton’s men retired in confusion. And while Montgomery was attacking this place, Major Brown and Major Livingston made an attack upon Fort Chamblee, and this place surrendered.”

“Uncle Philip, where are these places? I do not see them on the map.”

“No, they are not on my map, I suppose, for it is too small; but on larger ones you may see them. But you see the Sorelle river, do you not?”

"Oh yes, sir, there it is, running into Lake Champlain."

"True; and all these places are upon that river. And now, if you will bear in mind that Governor Carlton, after this, went to Quebec I will go on."

"Montgomery soon appeared before Montreal, and this place was taken also. He then determined to march against Quebec."

"Oh, yes; and Carlton was there ready to meet him, sir?"

"Yes, he was there with Colonel M'Lean, another brave English officer; and Montgomery had but three hundred men to march with him, for, you know, it was necessary for him to leave part of his soldiers at the places he had taken."

"He was not going to march against Quebec with this small number, surely, sir?"

"Yes, he was. But, fortunately, General Washington had thought of attacking the same place, and had sent Colonel Arnold with some troops from Massachusetts."

"And I must tell you, my children, of the sufferings of Arnold and his men on their way to Canada. They chose what they supposed would be the easiest journey. They were to

go from Boston to the Kennebeck river, and then up the river to the mountains which they were to cross, and then to advance down the river Chaudiere to the city of Quebec. But, my lads, the difficulties on this journey turned out far worse than they had expected. They however travelled on over this rough country, which had never before been explored; and I think they would have given up in despair, had it not been for the courage and perseverance of Arnold. For when they reached the Kennebeck river, one of the officers (named Colonel Enos) deserted with all his men. This caused still greater dissatisfaction; but I must tell you, for the credit of Colonel Enos, that he was afterward taken up, tried before a court-martial, and acquitted; for the court-martial declared that there was not a sufficient quantity of provisions among the soldiers to keep them from starving; and, therefore, that Enos and his men were not wrong in deserting."

"Uncle Philip, before you go any farther, pray tell me what you mean by a *court-martial*?"

"It is a court made up of officers in the army for the purpose of trying officers and soldiers for different offences, of which they

may be accused. You know it is but fair that men should be tried by those who are their equals, and who can understand their offences. And soldiers think that no men can fairly sit upon their trial except brother soldiers. Is it all plain?"

"Quite plain, sir."

"Still, my children, Arnold was not discouraged after Enos's desertion. He continued his march; and it is said that he was more than thirty days employed in crossing this wilderness of country; and in that time he saw not one single house, or one human being. Remember, too, that this journey was performed in the middle of winter; that the men were half clothed as well as half starved; were forced to haul their boats up rapid streams; then to take them, with their scanty provisions, upon their shoulders, and carry them for a long distance over a rough road; that they were compelled to travel on with this baggage through deep marshes, through thick woods, and over high mountains; remember all this, boys, and you may then think of what these poor men must have suffered in this undertaking. And these difficulties were so great, that in spite of all that they could do, they did not reach the Chaudiere

river until eighteen days later than they had expected. But Arnold did not allow his men to tarry longer here than to take a slight rest; but pushed down the Chaudiere, and in six days more he landed at *Point Levi*, opposite Quebec; a place which I have already mentioned in the course of our conversations. And the people in the city were very much frightened when they saw Arnold and his men coming out of the woods; for, although there were English soldiers there, still the city was not very well protected. And I think, boys, that if Colonel Arnold had immediately entered Quebec, he would have taken it without any opposition."

"And why did he not enter it, sir?"

"Because the wind was very high, and the river was rough, and that made it difficult to pass; and besides this, he had no boats in which he could cross. But at length, after much trouble, he collected a large number of canoes from the country people, on the southern shore of the river. But still the wind continued high at night, and he found it impossible to pass; and, indeed, it was impossible for him to cross at any time except during the night without being discovered; for a British frigate had anchored opposite the town, and three other vessels were

in the river, guarding the passage for some distance.

“At length the wind became milder, and Arnold determined that he would cross. So he left one hundred and fifty men behind him to make ladders, and started. And, my lads, he contrived to escape those armed vessels, crossed over in the night, and landed his army about a mile and a half above the city. But here again he found another difficulty; for, at the spot where he landed, the shore was so rugged that it was impossible for his men to climb it. So he marched them on to a place on the shore called *Wolf's Cove*, and there he clambered up the steep with his men, and drew them up on the heights near the plains of Abraham. And now, boys, he sent two of his lieutenants towards the town, that they might find out whether the English sentinels were at their posts or not; for he thought of taking the place by surprise. But the lieutenants returned, and told Arnold that the sentinels were in their places.”

“What a disappointment, Uncle Philip, after all his labour!”

“Yes, yes; but still he hoped to reduce the city. Yet he was not so great in numbers as

the enemy, and he had not even one piece of cannon with him, so that he could do very little ; but he thought that the English soldiers at Quebec might possibly quarrel among themselves, and that then the place would fall into his hands. He therefore marched his men about on the heights for two days, and sent two flags to summon the city to surrender.

“ But Colonel M’Lean was an able officer. He persuaded the soldiers not to be frightened, refused to receive the flag, and fired upon the officer who bore it. And then the citizens of Quebec became alarmed, and took up arms ; and the sailors were landed from the vessels, and armed also. So Arnold’s army was greatly outnumbered, even after he had collected those whom he had left on the south side of the river.”

“ How many men did Arnold have in all, Uncle Philip ? ”

“ Only seven hundred ; and therefore he was not ready to fight. Just at this time, too, he heard that more English soldiers were coming on towards Quebec, and that M’Lean was thinking of attacking him. So he very prudently, I think, retired to ‘ *Point aux Trembles*, ’ a place situated twenty miles above Quebec ;

and resolved to wait there for General Montgomery. So now we will look for Montgomery.

“He marched on, as I told you, after taking Montreal, joined Colonel Arnold at *Point aux Trembles*, and they started immediately for Quebec. And the garrison at Quebec, when they reached it, consisted of fifteen hundred men.”

“And Montgomery and Arnold together had only one thousand men, sir?”

“They had not so many. They had only eight hundred who were ready for service. But so soon as the Americans came before the city, Montgomery sent a letter to Carlton, demanding a surrender. But the English were determined to have nothing to say to the Americans, and the flag was again fired upon.”

“Uncle Philip, was not that provoking?”

“Yes; and Montgomery felt sad, I assure you, for his situation there was very dangerous. Cold weather had set in, and his troops were badly clothed and badly sheltered; but he was not discouraged. He determined to lay siege to the place. In a few days, he opened his battery within seven hundred yards of the city, but his cannons were too light to do much injury. So, finding it impossible to take it by a

siege, he determined to become master of the city at all hazards. He therefore divided his little army into four parts. Three of these parts he placed under the different commands of Major Brown, Major Livingston, and Colonel Arnold. The other part (which consisted of New-York soldiers) he commanded himself.

“ Between four and five o'clock in the morning, on the last day of the year 1775, the signal was given, and these four divisions advanced; and a very heavy snow was falling at the time. Montgomery, at the head of the New-York soldiers, marched on boldly; but he very soon found difficulty in pressing forward. He was forced to pass an English battery. About two hundred yards before the battery was a block house, in which some soldiers were stationed. But these soldiers being easily frightened, fired their guns, and fled to the battery. And then, my lads, if Montgomery had rushed on with his men, I think he would have succeeded; but this was impossible, for the shore was rugged, and the edge of the river covered with piles of rough ice, so as to make it almost impassable. Still Montgomery, with most of his men, pushed on as far as the block house. Here he had to halt to collect them, and having

gathered around him about two hundred, he hurried on towards the battery. But two or three of the English soldiers had ventured to return to the battery; and one of them, seizing a match, touched a cannon. The Americans were then within about forty yards of the fortification. 'That one gun, boys, killed Montgomery, with two of his officers; and I think that this gun saved Quebec. When the poor general fell, his body rolled upon the ice, and on the next morning it was taken up by some of his soldiers and buried. A man named Colonel Campbell then took the command of this division, but he very hastily retreated from the city, and left the other divisions to get on as they could.'

"And where was Arnold, Uncle Philip?"

"He was in his place, bravely leading on his men. But, as he advanced to pass the first barrier which was raised against him, he received a ball in his leg. But Captain Morgan, who was with him, rushed on and entered the town, and was here joined by two hundred men. At the dawn of day, they tried to pass the second barrier; but there was such a fire from the enemy that they were forced to stop. They then endeavoured to retreat; but they could not do this, for the company of Americans which had been

stationed at the palace gate, had been taken by the English; so there was no chance for retreating, and all these men were forced to surrender. And the whole of Arnold's division, except the officers who carried him to the hospital, fell into the hands of the enemy."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was a sad, sad ending to an undertaking by such brave men."

"Yes, my lad; for the Americans in this siege lost four hundred men, of whom sixty were killed. And it is said that the English lost only eighteen, killed and wounded. Of those Americans who escaped, some were so much frightened that one hundred of them set out for Montreal. Poor Arnold, with great difficulty, kept the others together; but they broke up their camp, and went about three miles from Quebec."

"Uncle Philip, I feel sad indeed, when I think of poor Montgomery's fate."

"That is natural, but you should not feel sorry for him. He died, my young friends, as a soldier should die, fighting bravely for the country which had adopted him."

"Why, Uncle Philip, was he not an American? Was he not born in this country?"

"No. Richard Montgomery was born in

Ireland, though he became an American ; and this same man was with General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec, when the French surrendered it. But when the struggle for our liberty commenced, he became an American, and fought for us."

"Then, Uncle Philip, I like him now, more than I ever did before."

"Yes ; and all our countrymen should like him ; and, in fact, I never heard one word said against Richard Montgomery. If any one of you should ever go to the city of New-York, you will see a marble monument directly in front of St. Paul's church. The Congress of the United States caused this monument to be erected in memory of this man's services to our country. And I will tell you another fact, which will show you what feelings of love Americans now have towards him. In the year 1818, the legislature of New-York caused his bones to be moved and carried to St. Paul's church. But after they had resolved to move him, there was much difficulty in finding his grave ; and an old soldier, who had attended his funeral forty-two years before, remembered the spot, and he pointed out to the people the place where he was buried. And the body was then removed."

“How sad he must have felt when he pointed out that spot, sir!”

“I suppose he did; for you, and I, and all Americans feel sad, even now, when we think of Montgomery’s fate. Had he lived longer, he might have been more useful; but, as I said a moment since, ‘he died like a soldier.’ And, indeed, even in England, his death was very much lamented by some; for many distinguished men in the English parliament spoke very highly of him, and said publicly that they were sorry that he had fallen.”

“Indeed, Uncle Philip, this siege of Quebec caused a sad loss to the Americans. So many men were taken, Arnold was wounded, and, worst of all, Montgomery was killed.”

“Yes; and yet, boys, I would rather have died as Montgomery, than lived as Arnold.”

“Why, Uncle Philip? Arnold was a brave man.”

“Oh, I know now what you mean, Uncle Philip. I have read, sir, in one of my books at home, that there was an American named Arnold, who was very brave, and fought well in the war against Great Britain; that all the people thought well of him, and supposed him to be one of the bravest and best men in the

American army, and that he was a particular friend to General Washington; but he afterward turned traitor to his country, and went over to the English side. Is this the man, sir?"

"This, my lad, is the same man. He basely deserted his country's cause in a time of great trouble; and he deserted it, also, without any good reason; for the cause was a noble one, as it was the cause of justice. But the love of gold caused Benedict Arnold to forget his duty; and, indeed, this base love of money causes many men to be wicked. But you will remember that the desertion of this man took place long after the time of which I am now speaking; it happened after independence had been declared by the colonies in 1776; and, as I shall at some time hereafter tell you of all that occurred in this country from 1776 up to this time, I shall now say nothing more of Arnold's treason. We will now therefore go on with something else; and what seems very strange, boys, is this: some of the citizens of New-York were still friendly to the English government. For the Congress which was then sitting, heard that a large number of people in Tryon county, (which was named after Governor

Tryon) were opposed to the American cause. It was also said that they were making preparations to resist it under the command of Sir John Johnson, a man who was very much attached to the King of England. So it was resolved in Congress that the men in that county should give up their arms. Seven hundred men, therefore, were called out of Albany county, who commenced their march towards these dissatisfied men. And I am pleased to be able to tell you, my lads, that, as these men marched on, their numbers continued to increase, until at length there were three thousand ready to put down these men in Tryon county. And what is better still, of those three thousand, nine hundred were inhabitants of Tryon county itself."

"And I hope they succeeded, sir?"

"Oh, yes; when so many soldiers appeared against them, these dissatisfied men were ready to submit on any terms. So it was agreed that Sir John Johnson, having promised not to take up arms against America, should remain in one certain place—that he should give up all the cannons, arms, and military stores which were in the country—and that the inhabitants of Tryon county should give up their arms, and twelve prisoners. And there were at least six

hundred men prepared to resist, from whom arms were taken: and in this way the matter was ended.

“But just about the same time a large number of citizens upon Long Island were preparing to support the cause of the king. But fortunately, some of the good citizens in New-Jersey heard of it. They therefore went over, and took away their arms, and also caught the leaders in this mischief. And here, again, a stop was put to such strange conduct.

“But let us hurry on, and see what the English were doing for themselves. General Lee, with some American soldiers, came to New-York about this time; for it was said that the city was soon to be attacked by the English. When he reached it, he found the people very much frightened; for General Clinton, with a large number of English forces, had just appeared in ships below the city. But General Lee said plainly, ‘if the men-of-war set one house on fire, I will chain a hundred of their friends together, and make that house their funeral pile.’ And I think, boys, that he would have punished them severely if they had burned a house; for Lee was a bold man, who was afraid of nothing.”

“And what did Clinton do, sir?”

“He said that he had only come to see his friend Tryon. So, after tarrying for a little time in the harbour, he sailed away to the south. And it was fortunate for him that he did not land, for General Washington, having driven the British troops from Boston, and expecting this same attack upon New-York, came to that city just at this time, determined to make this place the headquarters of the American army.”

“Will you tell me, sir, if the Americans made any other attack upon Quebec?”

“Oh, yes. The siege was regularly kept up during the whole winter. Many soldiers were ordered there, and Arnold's army at length amounted to seventeen hundred men. He caused batteries to be erected (for, in spite of his first defeat, he was still bold), and he was just ready for opening them upon the enemy, when General Wooster came from Montreal, and took the command. The day after Wooster's arrival, while Arnold was riding on horseback, his horse fell, and bruised his leg so badly that he was kept in his room for some time. And after he recovered from his sickness, he thought that he was neglected; so he begged

leave of absence, went to Montreal, and took the command there. Soon after this, General Thomas was appointed to command the American forces in Canada. And he had there, my lads, nineteen hundred soldiers; but, unfortunately, the smallpox broke out among his men, so that there were only nine hundred fit for service. And, moreover, he had very little ammunition, and only sufficient provision to last for a week, and Carleton was daily expecting fresh forces from England to join him at Quebec. So General Thomas concluded that it was useless for him to remain longer before Quebec, and very wisely began to withdraw his forces. And on the very next day, the British ships which were expected arrived, and General Carleton started out with one thousand men to attack the American forces. General Thomas was determined not to run the risk of a battle, and in a great hurry ordered his men to retreat. But this retreat was made in so much haste, that many of the sick, and all the military stores, were taken by the English. But, for the credit of General Carleton, I must tell you, my lads, that he treated these poor sick prisoners with great kindness. General Thomas continued to retreat as well as he

could, and got as far as the Sorelle river; and there he himself was seized with the smallpox and died."

"Well, Uncle Philip, the Americans suffered misfortune after misfortune."

"Yes, that is true; and I must now tell you of one more disaster. You know that Arnold went to Montreal, and took the command there?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know, also, that the English were in possession of most of the posts upon the St. Lawrence river. Arnold resolved to station some of his soldiers above Montreal, to prevent the English from coming down upon him. So he chose for this purpose a point of land called '*the Cedars*,' about forty miles above Montreal. It is a point of land which runs out into the St. Lawrence river, and can only be approached on one side. General Arnold, therefore, sent near four hundred men there, with two cannons, under the command of a man named Colonel Bedel. And Bedel was told to fortify the place. But an English captain, named Forster, planned an expedition against this spot. He started, therefore, with some English soldiers, and he persuaded also many of the '*Caugh-*

newaga Indians' (who lived near) to go with him; so that he soon appeared before the Americans at that place with four or five hundred men. Two days before he arrived, Colonel Bedel had heard that he was coming; and, leaving the fort commanded by Major Butterfield, he himself went down the river to Montreal to beg for help. Arnold immediately sent Major Sherburne with one hundred men up to '*the Cedars*,' while he commenced making preparations to go up himself with a much larger force.

"As soon as Captain Forster arrived before the place, he sent a flag, demanding a surrender; and Major Butterfield offered to give up the place, provided he would allow him to withdraw, with his soldiers and baggage, to Montreal. Forster refused to do this, and his men began their attack. But as they had no cannons, and were forced to fire only with their muskets, they did very little injury; for, after two days, they had only wounded one man. And yet, boys, Butterfield was frightened by threats; for, when Captain Forster sent him word 'that if any Indians should be killed during that siege, it would be out of his power to restrain them from murdering every

individual in the garrison,' Butterfield was alarmed, and surrendered the place."

"And on the next day Sherburne approached without having heard of Butterfield's disgraceful surrender; when he came within four miles of '*the Cedars*,' he was suddenly attacked by a party of Indians; and, after fighting boldly for an hour, was compelled to surrender.

"When Arnold heard of this misfortune, he marched from Montreal against the enemy with seven hundred men, hoping to meet them, drive them back, and take away the prisoners. But, when preparing to fight, he received a flag, accompanied by Major Sherburne. The major told Arnold most positively, 'that if he attacked the enemy, it would be impossible for Captain Forster to prevent his savages from putting every American prisoner to death.' And then, children, Arnold, prevented by these words of Sherburne from making an attack, agreed to an exchange of prisoners."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I think that Butterfield's conduct was very base, indeed."

"Yes, my lad, I myself think that he was very easily frightened; and many of his countrymen at the time thought that he showed great cowardice. But we will move on, and

we shall find that this was not the only disaster which happened to the Americans in Canada.

“After the death of General Thomas, the American army at Sorelle was commanded by General Sullivan. And he, with the assistance of several brave officers, succeeded in making a safe retreat before a far superior force, until he brought the remains of the broken army as far as Crown Point; and here he began to form new plans. He thought that the people in Canada showed great attachment to the American cause, and that many of them would join his army; and he supposed that he might then be able to drive his enemy from the country. The first place which he thought of attacking was called ‘*Three Rivers*’ (a place situated midway between Montreal and Quebec). And I will tell you how he was disappointed in his calculations in this matter.

“When the Americans left Quebec, Carleton was not then able to follow them. He was, soon after this, however, joined by a large number of forces; so that he had thirteen thousand men under his command. He then immediately prepared for following them. And he had so made his arrangements that, at this place ‘*Three Rivers*,’ his forces were all to

meet. Still his army was greatly divided; for General Frazer, with a part of it, had reached the place; General Nesbit, with another part, was on board ships, near the spot; while Carleton himself, with most of the army, was on his way from Quebec.

“Just at this time, General Thompson (one of the American generals) hearing that the party at ‘*Three Rivers*’ consisted only of eight hundred men, who were commanded by Colonel M’Lean, sent Colonel St. Clair with seven hundred men to attack him. St. Clair at once started; but when he came near the enemy, finding himself not strong enough to make the attack, he halted, waiting for more soldiers to join him. Shortly afterward, General Sullivan came on. He had heard, also, that the enemy was very weak at ‘*Three Rivers*.’ So he sent General Thompson with fourteen hundred men to join St. Clair; and they were to make the attack, provided there was a hope of success. Thompson joined St. Clair, and, thinking that together they would be able to make the attack, he went down the St. Lawrence river in boats by night, and landed shortly after daylight, which was later than he had expected. He was therefore

discovered while landing, and the alarm was given. The English ships in the river at once commenced firing upon his troops. To get out of the reach of this firing, he tried to lead his men through what seemed to him to be a point of woods; but it turned out to be a deep marsh, three miles long. This caused great confusion among the American soldiers; and it also gave General Frazer time to make ready to meet them. Then General Nesbit came up behind them, and cut off their chance of returning to their boats."

"Why, Uncle Philip, General Thompson was in a sad situation."

"Indeed he was. He passed the marsh, and attacked General Frazer; but was driven back, and forced to attempt a retreat. But it was impossible for him to retreat; so that he, as well as two hundred of his men, became prisoners, and as many as thirty were killed. Colonel St. Clair, with very great difficulty, made his retreat with eighteen hundred men. And thus ended this expedition.

"The American army in Canada, in the month of June, 1776, amounted to eight thousand men, of whom only one half were fit for service. And these troops, too, were discour-

aged by their misfortunes, and they began to complain. So it was thought best that they should leave Canada; and, after retiring from spot to spot, with the British soldiers following them, and taking possession of every place that they left, they abandoned that country altogether."

"Uncle Philip, this was discouraging, indeed!"

"But, as I have more than once remarked, our countrymen were not easily discouraged. Though they suffered losses, they still persevered, for they did not expect to fight without losing men. They had thought of resistance seriously, and had weighed the consequences; and were willing to suffer for a short time, so that in the end they might be free. And this war, so far, on the part of the Americans, had been carried on for the purpose of *defending* themselves only. But the Congress, which was then sitting in Philadelphia, thought that it was time for Americans openly to declare their independence of Great Britain. So Richard Henry Lee, you will remember, introduced his motion in Congress, and the declaration was passed on—"

“ I know—I know, Uncle Philip, on the 4th of July, 1776.”

“ Yes ; and you know the names of the men who wrote it ; and all that I have now to do is to tell you the names of the men from New-York who were members of that Congress, and who signed it in behalf of the citizens of this state.”

“ If you please, sir.”

“ William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris, were the men. And when this declaration reached New-York, there was an order with it, that it should be read to all the soldiers of the army. And I have heard that, on the same evening, the statue of King George (which was made of lead) was thrown down, because the soldiers wanted the lead to mould into bullets for the use of the army.”

“ Uncle Philip, I like that. Let us hear something more about the soldiers after they made the bullets.”

“ No, no, children ; I have nothing more to say about New-York at present. We have come up to the 4th of July, 1776, and I will now stop. And let me say to you, my young

friends, that I shall be pleased to see you when ever you choose to visit me ; and if, in learning the history of your own country, any one of you shall learn to love that country more ardently, Uncle Philip will be satisfied. Farewell."

" Good-by, Uncle Philip ; we will come and see you again soon. But, Uncle Philip, before we go, I have one favour to ask. You have told us that you wish us to remember all these different governors, and the different times when they came to the country. I have tried to do this, but there are so many of them that I cannot keep them all clearly in my memory."

" And I suppose you wish me to aid your memory ?"

" Yes, Uncle Philip, if you please."

" Very good. Then you will come and see me to-morrow morning, and I will then tell you a story, and give you something which will help you much in remembering the history of New-York."

CONVERSATION XXI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children something more about General Richard Montgomery—Tells them a Story, and gives them a List of the Governors of the New-York Colony—Also, a List of the Sovereigns of England, from the time of Hudson's Voyage in 1609, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

“WELL, Uncle Philip, here we are again. We have come once more to see you before we stop talking about the history of New-York, as you told us you had one more story for us before we got through. But, before we go any farther this morning, sir, will you tell me something more about General Richard Montgomery? I should like to hear every thing about this man, for I have seen his monument before St. Paul's church, of which you spoke yesterday.”

“Surely, my lad, I will at once tell you all that I know about him; and I am glad, indeed, that you like him; for he was, as you already know, a warm friend to America, and I hope that Americans will never be ungrateful.

“But I have already told you, children, al-

most all that I know of this man. Richard Montgomery was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He was a boy of very fine parts, and his friends took pains to have those parts cultivated; for young Montgomery was sent to school, and was well educated. And, being an industrious boy, he made use of his advantages and learned well. Afterward, he entered the army of Great Britain; and one reason for his doing so well in that army, I think, was, that he had courage, and had learned when young to be always industrious, in whatever he undertook. Indeed, as I have told you more than once before, industry is necessary for every man, and every child, who wishes to be useful or respectable. It is not only necessary towards making good soldiers, but it is necessary in fitting a man for any business. I could now point out to you twenty men, at least, who were boys with me (for there are not more now living); some of them are sober and honest, and some are worthless, drunken men; and every one of them who is now a drunkard, was once an idle, lazy boy and therefore I am always afraid that children will not turn out well who are always idle. And I could also tell you a sad story about one

of my former young companions, who in childhood was never fond of opening his books; and of course never did open them but when he was forced to do so; and then never prepared his lessons. But I will not do it now, for I have already talked enough about idleness at different times, and I will only beg that you will remember what I have said.

“Richard Montgomery came to America in the English army, as you know, and was with General Wolfe when that brave man died at the battle of Quebec, in the year 1759; and, sixteen years afterward, the poor man himself died on this very spot, fighting for Americans.

“After the French had surrendered Canada to the English, Montgomery returned home with the English forces, and conducted himself well. But he had seen America, and he was more pleased with this country than any other; so he left the English service in the year 1772, I think, and, at the time when he left, he was in a very fair way to preferment.”

“What do you mean by that, Uncle Philip?”

“He was in a very fair way to be advanced to a higher rank in the army. Still he left it, and sailed immediately for America. Upon his arrival in the country a second time, he

purchased some land in the state of New-York, about one hundred miles from the city, and soon married an American lady. This caused him, I suppose, to feel more like an American; for not long afterward, when the struggle with Great Britain commenced in America, he not only seemed to love American liberty, but said that he was willing to draw his sword in defence of the colonies. And, as he appeared so ready to aid our cause, the command of some forces in the northern part of the country was given to him and General Schuyler in the year 1775. The remainder of his history you know; that Schuyler died, and that Montgomery then had the sole command; that he reduced Fort Chamblee, captured St. Johns, and took Montreal; and that, afterward, he joined Arnold, and died at Quebec."

"And is this all that you can tell me about him, sir?"

"That is all, except that I can tell you, my lad, what I think of him. I think that he was a very fine officer; for those soldiers who were badly trained, and who were very unwilling to serve under him, he taught to fight well, and to love him very much. And I will tell you how he did this; he shared in their hardships,

and in this way prevented their complaining. And I must tell you another fact, which will show this man's love of liberty. Whenever, in any very great measure which was proposed for the country's good, there was a difference of opinion about that measure (for in all matters people honestly think differently), Montgomery would always give his opinion plainly; but, if the majority of the people disagreed with him, and decided against him, Montgomery would always cheerfully support that majority. For he used to say, 'it was then his duty to give up his own opinion, and support whatever course the country advised.' And I do not think, my young friends, that many men would have done this so cheerfully; particularly if they had been distinguished men like Richard Montgomery—for they would have supposed that they knew more about the matter in question than any other person in the world; and that therefore all the rest of the world was wrong, and that they were right. I know many such silly proud people in this world."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; and I know two boys at our school who act precisely in that same way. They always think that they know more than any other persons, either old or young."

“ Well, Thomas, their behaviour is very silly and disagreeable, and will do them much injury unless they correct it. Indeed, when any man has made up his opinion about any thing, and wishes to convince others to think like himself, there is but one way in the world to do it,—he must modestly and mildly try to persuade men that they are wrong; and not boldly contradict them, and say that he is certain that he cannot be wrong. In fact, I always think that a man has not got the right side of a question when he quarrels with others for not agreeing with him. But as you, my lad, have seen Montgomery’s monument in New-York, and as all the other children, I suppose, have not seen it, suppose that you tell them something about it.”

“ Yes, sir; I will tell them all that I remember about it, for I think that it is very beautiful. And the prettiest part of it all, Uncle Philip, is this: that no person can look upon it without knowing at once that it is the monument of a soldier; for there are the cap, and the sword, and many other things belonging to a soldier, carved upon it. Indeed, Uncle Philip, I think that it is the prettiest monument that I ever saw.”

“ Well, I am glad you like it, my lad ; for I myself have always been pleased with it ; but still I do not like it better than any other monument that I have seen. The most beautiful monument that I ever saw, I found in an old country churchyard, in the state of Virginia. In one corner of the yard, under a very large willow, there was a white marble slab, and upon it was written this epitaph : ‘ *Reader, if you knew the man, remember his virtues.* ’ And I saw, too, boys, that although this stone was in the corner of the yard, there was a path made by the footsteps of the poor people who were constantly visiting it. And many of these poor people, as they stood there with their little children, would say, ‘ there lies the man who fed me when I was hungry. ’ And then they would weep bitterly, and leave the churchyard. Ah, boys, I did not know the man who was buried in that spot ; but I knew, when I saw all this, that he was a good and benevolent man ; and I have often thought since that time, that I would rather have slept in that corner of the churchyard, than under the heaviest piece of marble that was ever placed over a soldier’s bones.”

“But, Uncle Philip, what do you mean by ‘*an epitaph*?’”

“I mean the words which are written upon any man’s tomb. But you will understand, boys, that I do not mean by all this to cause you to think that a soldier may not be a very good man. I know very well that they can be very good men if they will, for Richard Montgomery was a good man. But what I mean to show you is this: that he is not always the happiest man who is most distinguished, and most loudly talked of; but he is happiest who performs ‘his duty well in that station in life in which it has pleased God to call him;’ and the man who is sometimes known only to the people who live in his immediate neighbourhood, is often one of the most useful of men. Remember this always, my young friends, and be not too anxious to be distinguished and great in this world; for you can serve God and be useful in any honest station, however humble. But I must now go on with the story which I promised yesterday that I would tell you.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; if you please.”

“In some of my many travels in different parts of our country, I have twice been in the

state of North Carolina. It so happened, that on my first visit to the city of Raleigh (which is the capital of this state, and is also a beautiful little city), the legislature of the state was then sitting. It was in the month of December, and the weather at that season is not very cold generally in that place; but I remember that on this day it was bitterly cold, for snow had been falling on the night before. I went to bed, however, very early in the evening, and slept soundly through the night. On the next morning, the weather still continued very cold, and I therefore determined to wait until I could travel on comfortably. And I have often since felt pleased that I met with this delay, my children; for Raleigh (as I said) is a pleasant place, and I saw there the handsomest *statue* which I ever looked upon in America. It was the *statue* of General Washington, cut out of white marble, which stood in the middle of the state-house in North Carolina. And I looked at it with great interest, not only because it was beautiful, but also because it was the last piece of work of the great man who made it. It was made by a man named *Canova* (a celebrated Italian artist, who died soon after finishing it). It was a very splendid piece of work,

I assure you, and the people there all seemed very proud of having it in their state-house."

"Uncle Philip, I wish I could see it."

"But, my lad, you never will see it; for since that time the state-house has been burned to the ground, and the *statue* almost completely destroyed. But I did not stop only to look at this *statue*, but went into the state-house also, where the members of the legislature were meeting to make laws for the people. And I remember that upon the wall of the room in which they were all sitting, there was also placed a painted likeness of General Washington; and I could not avoid being pleased with the people of North Carolina, for this great respect which they paid to the '*Father of our country*.'

"The members were then busily engaged about some new law which had been proposed. Many of the young men rose and spoke about it, and I thought that some of them made very fine speeches. At length, after much had been said, both for and against the new law, an old grayheaded man rose to speak. He talked for a long time; said 'that he had been a member of the legislature for many years, and that he remembered many laws (much like the one then proposed) which had

been passed.' Just at this moment some member interrupted him, and asked at what time some of these laws were passed? The old man answered, 'that he could not remember the *precise time*, but he was certain that some such laws had been made.' At length some of the laws, of which the old man was thinking, were found; and it was discovered that their meaning was very different from what he had supposed. And, in a short time, that old man took his seat, looking very silly. And I then thought of what my old school-master used to say to me when I was a little boy. '*Never talk about any thing which you do not understand, and be sure that you remember any thing well before you pretend to speak of it.*' And I know, my young friends, that you will all think this was very good advice."

"Surely it was, Uncle Philip."

"Very good; then bear in mind always that you must not only remember *facts*, but you must remember them *accurately*, and that you must always be able to recollect the *precise time* when any fact occurred. And I think, children, that none of you will have great difficulty in doing this, although some of you think now that it is very difficult

“ Here is a correct list of the governors and lieutenant-governors of the colony of New-York; and opposite each name is the year when that person came out to the country, or began to govern. I made this list for you last night, after you all had left me.

DUTCH GOVERNORS.

Peter Minuit,	in the year 1625
Wouter Van Twiller,	1633
William Kieft,	1638
Peter Stuyvesant,	1647

ENGLISH GOVERNORS.

Richard Nicolls,	1664
Francis Lovelace,	1667
Anthony Colve, Governor while he Dutch had possession for a little time,	1673
Edward Andros,	1674
Thomas Dongan,	1682
Francis Nicholson,	1688
Jacob Leisler,	1689
Henry Sloughter,	1691
Richard Ingolsby, President,	1692
Benjamin Fletcher,	1692
Richard Earl of Bellemont.	1698

John Nanfan, Lieutenant,	1701
Lord Cornbury,	1702
Lord Lovelace,	1708
Richard Ingolsby, Lieutenant,	1709
Gerardus Beekman, President,	1710
Robert Hunter,	1710
Peter Schuyler, President,	1719
William Burnet,	1720
James Montgomery,	1728
Rip Van Dam, President,	1731
William Crosby,	1732
George Clarke, President,	1736
Mr. Clarke soon after appointed Lieutenant-governor,	1736
George Clinton,	1743
Danvers Osborn,	1753
James De Lancey, Lieutenant- governor,	1753
Sir Charles Hardy,	1755
James De Lancey, Lieutenant- governor,	1757
Cadwallader Colden, President,	1760
Mr. Colden appointed Lieuten- ant-governor,	1761
Robert Monckton,	1762
Mr. Colden Lieut.-governor,	1763
Henry Moore,	1765

Mr. Colden, Lieut.-governor,	1769
Earl of Dunmore,	1770
William Tryon,	1771
Mr. Colden Lieut.-governor,	1771
William Tryon,	1775

“And here, children, is a list of the sovereigns of England, from the time when Hudson made his voyage in 1609, up to the declaration of independence in 1776. By looking at this, you can see at once who was reigning in England when any particular thing occurred in New-York.

James I. began to reign in 1603, reigned 22 yrs.

Charles I.,	1625,	“	24
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<i>Oliver Cromwell,</i>	1653,	“	5
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Charles II.,	1660,	“	25
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James II.,	1685,	“	4
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William III. and Mary,	1689,	“	13
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Anne,	1702,	“	12
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George I.,	1714,	“	13
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George II.,	1727,	“	33
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George III.,	1760,	“	60
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“This, I hope, is all plain; and with these two lists by you, my young friends, I think you

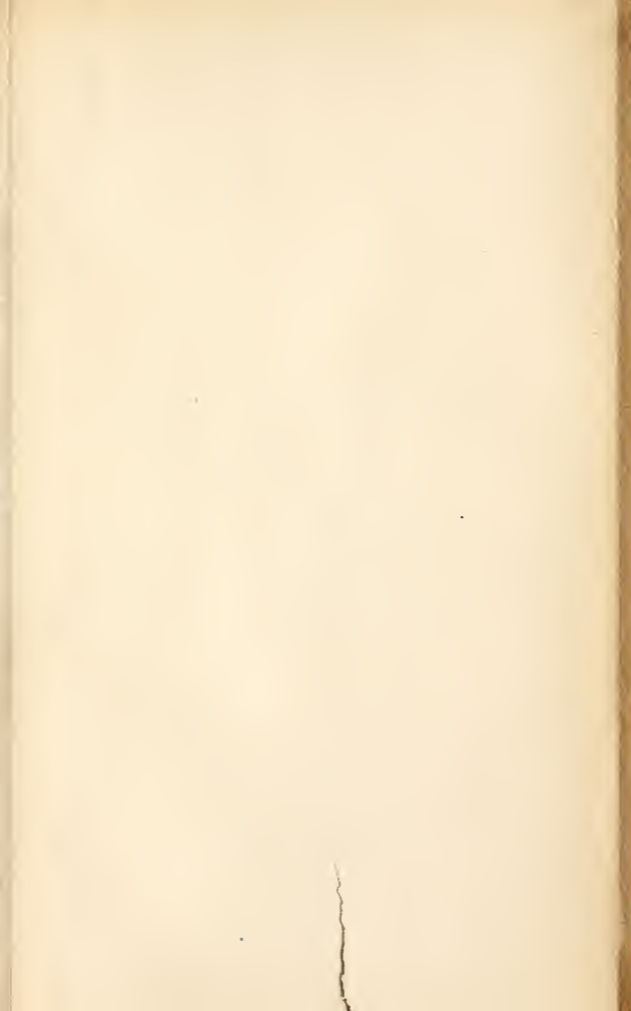
will readily call to mind any *precise date* which you may wish. Farewell."

"Thank you, Uncle Philip, this is exactly what we wanted."

FINIS.







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